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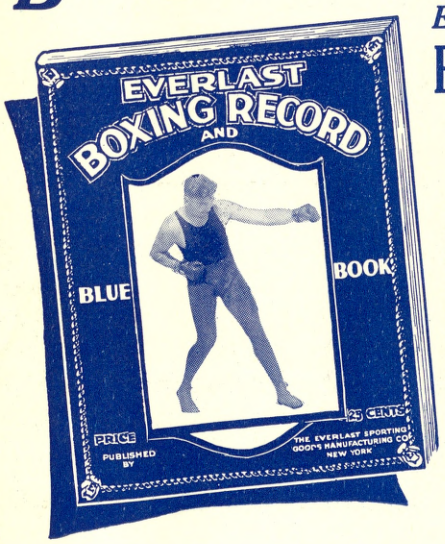

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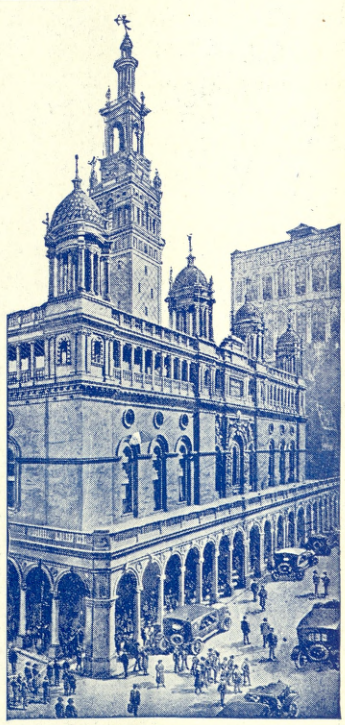

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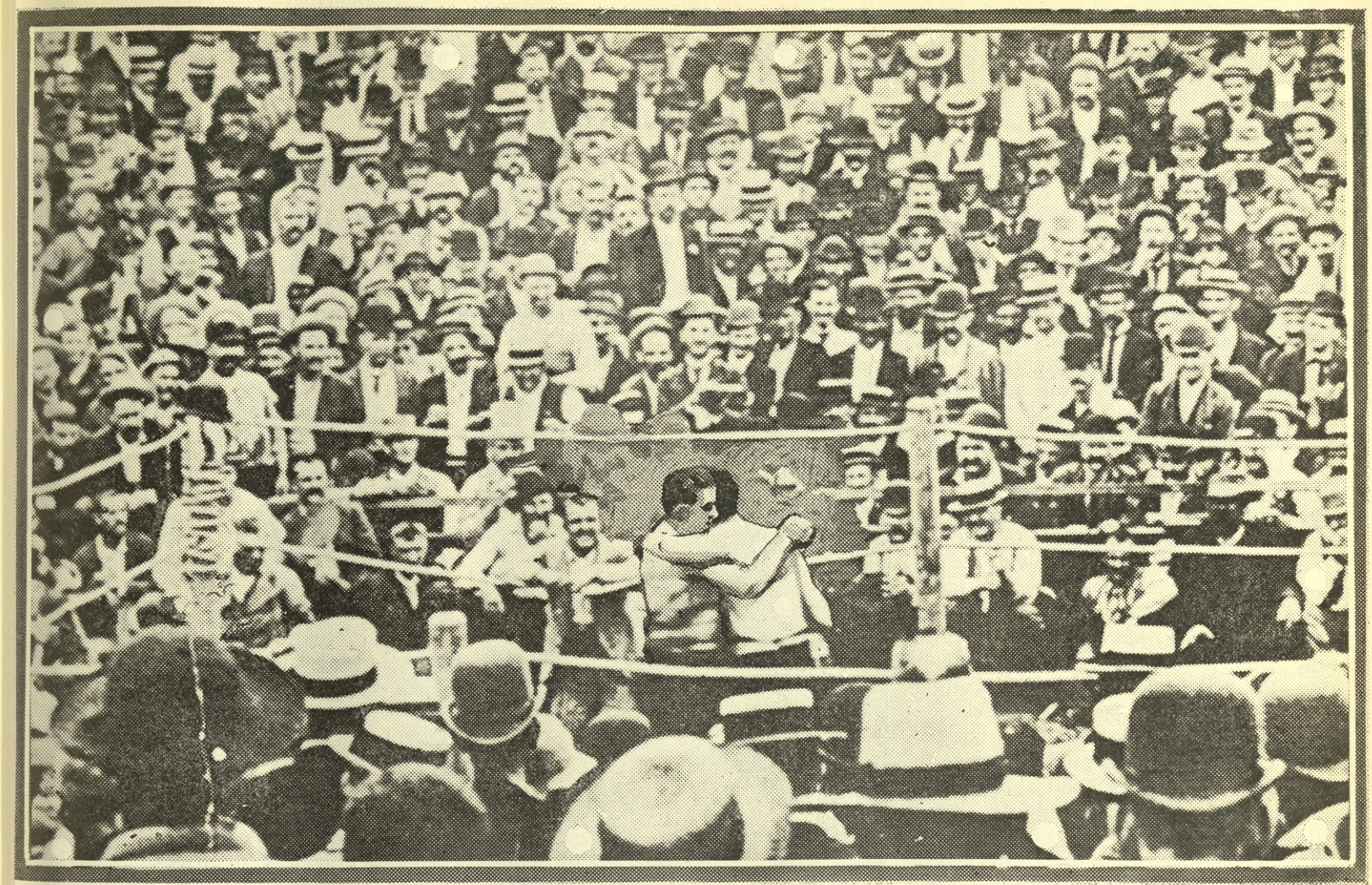

Sullivan, on left, proved an easy victor

SCENE OF THE LAST BARE-KNUCKLE CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT BETWEEN JOHN L. SULLIVAN AND JAKE KILRAIN, AT MISSISSIPPI CITY

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Referees and Their Responsibilities—Jack Sheehan	4
The Rabbit Punch Must Go	5
Uses Boxing Knowledge on Stage—Oscar Shaw	6
Corbett-Choynski Fight—"Tad" Dorgan	7
Kid Socko—James K. McGuinness	8
Preparing for Title Bouts—"Ike" Dorgan	9
"Easy Come, Easy Go"—A. D. Phillips	10
Champions and Their Demeanor—Vernon Van Ness	12
Courage and Champions—John R. Gibson	13
History of Boxing—Nat Fleischer	14
Boxing in the Orient—Joe Waterman	16
Fingerprinting Boxers in Cuba—Pepe Conte	16
Rubbing It In—Al. Carson	17
Boxing, Teacher of Courtesy—Gene Melady	18
Managers' Directory	19-20-21
Pugilistic Rhythm	21
Shadows of the Past—Frank E. Coultry	22
Minute Rests Between Rounds—Edward Borden	23
Boxing Results	31
Wrestling Results	34

Vol. I SEPTEMBER, 1922 No. 8

THE RING

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Referees and Their Responsibilities

By JACK SHEEHAN

Dean of America's Referees and Boston's Leading Fight Critic

"ALL referees are great until called upon to decide something," was an old-time saying among the followers of the ring in the days of bare knuckles and small gloves.

When an official had to heel himself with a blackjack or a "chive" in order to protect himself from the frenzy of the losing fighter's friends, those were happy days, I don't think.

The contests now take place in modern theatres and dressing rooms are provided for the athletes that are nothing short of luxurious. Splendid shower baths and every modern appliance is provided for their comfort. Contrast this with the old times of smuggling a fighter into some one-horse town, where the sheriff had to be bought hook, line and sinker before the contest was pulled off. The boxer was lucky if he had a box stall wherein to dress and a cow bucket in his corner. The referee would have to strike the town by a circuitous route in order to evade a holdup by the political opponents of the sheriff. They would try every trick and subterfuge to get him and shake him down under the threat of arrest. Many an official of the bygone days had to stand and deliver to these legal Dick Turpins. Today how different!

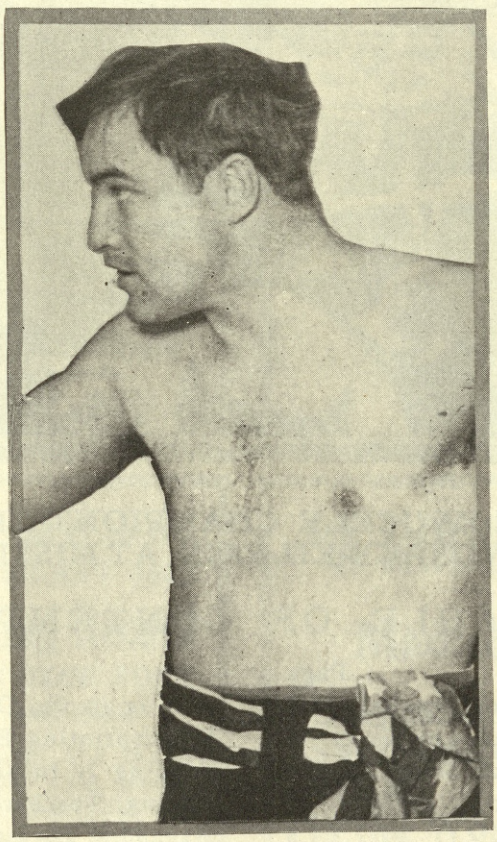
The work of refereeing a boxing match is an easy matter so long as nothing out of the ordinary routine and unusual occurs. But it is in the emergencies that arise when he least expects them that puts many a referee in the "hole," for he must think like lightning and he must think and think straight and fairly every time, too.

The fact that he gave a bad decision because he did not have time to think or deliberate over the matter will not be taken as a sufficient excuse for the error of judgment, no matter how extenuating the circumstances may be in connection with it.

Take any of the big league referees of Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Boston or New Orleans and you will find men who are the greatest arbiters of Queensberry rules and there isn't a point about the game of hit, counter and get away that they have not thought out before and previous to entering the ring. There isn't a thing that would be likely to happen within the enclosure for which they have not decided upon a course of action to apply to each particular bout, case or emergency.

And let me say here and now that not all of the possible things nor the probable things that are likely to happen in the course of a boxing contest have occurred as yet. Whatever they may be I am willing to wager whatever I've got that any of the big league fellows would give a decision in any emergency and back it up with sufficient proof that they are correct, and you after careful thought would be thoroughly convinced that the decision was a correct one in every particular.

There are many fans who attend boxing contests week in and week out and, strange as it may seem, the referee is "always wrong and as blind as a bat."



Tommy Burns, inventor of ring trick that almost blinded Marvin Hart

Whether this condition arises from the result of a wager or their ignorance of what constitutes a fair hit I am at a loss to determine. There are others who think and are of the opinion that all that is required to referee a boxing contest satisfactorily is to see that the contestants do not violate the Marquis of Queenberry rules.

The successful referee is the fellow who is equal to any emergency that may arise in the ring and administer the proper ruling without a falter.

That is a man who wins and retains the confidence of the sporting public and the boxer alike. That is the quality which has been the predominating characteristic in all the great judges of boxing both in this country and abroad.

No man should enter a ring to judge a boxing contest who has not thought out and familiarized himself with the various tricks of the trade, and under just what condition he should act. There are a million and one tricks attached to the boxing game that the referee must be ever on the watch for and they are not detected but by very few of the ringsiders.

By the way of illustration I will explain a few that are apt to happen and be put over any time. This consists of back lacing the glove, instead of lacing the glove up in the regular manner. The glove is laced from the wrist band down to the palm, or cleat, and knotted so that the knot will stand out an inch in a lump. In the third or fourth round the wise handler will stick a handful of resin on the knot so that it will cut and scratch an opponent about the neck and shoulders in such a manner as to worry and detract from his work and speed.

Marvin Hart was the victim of a shabby trick when he lost the championship to Tommy Burns at Los Angeles. Tommy was the inventor of a cute and cunning little box of tricks, which he pulled with regularity. Marvin was whaling away at Sir Thomas with great vim, when Burns slipped to the canvas in his own corner, not from a knockdown, but for the reason that Thomas needed something besides the gloves to lick the big Kentuckian.

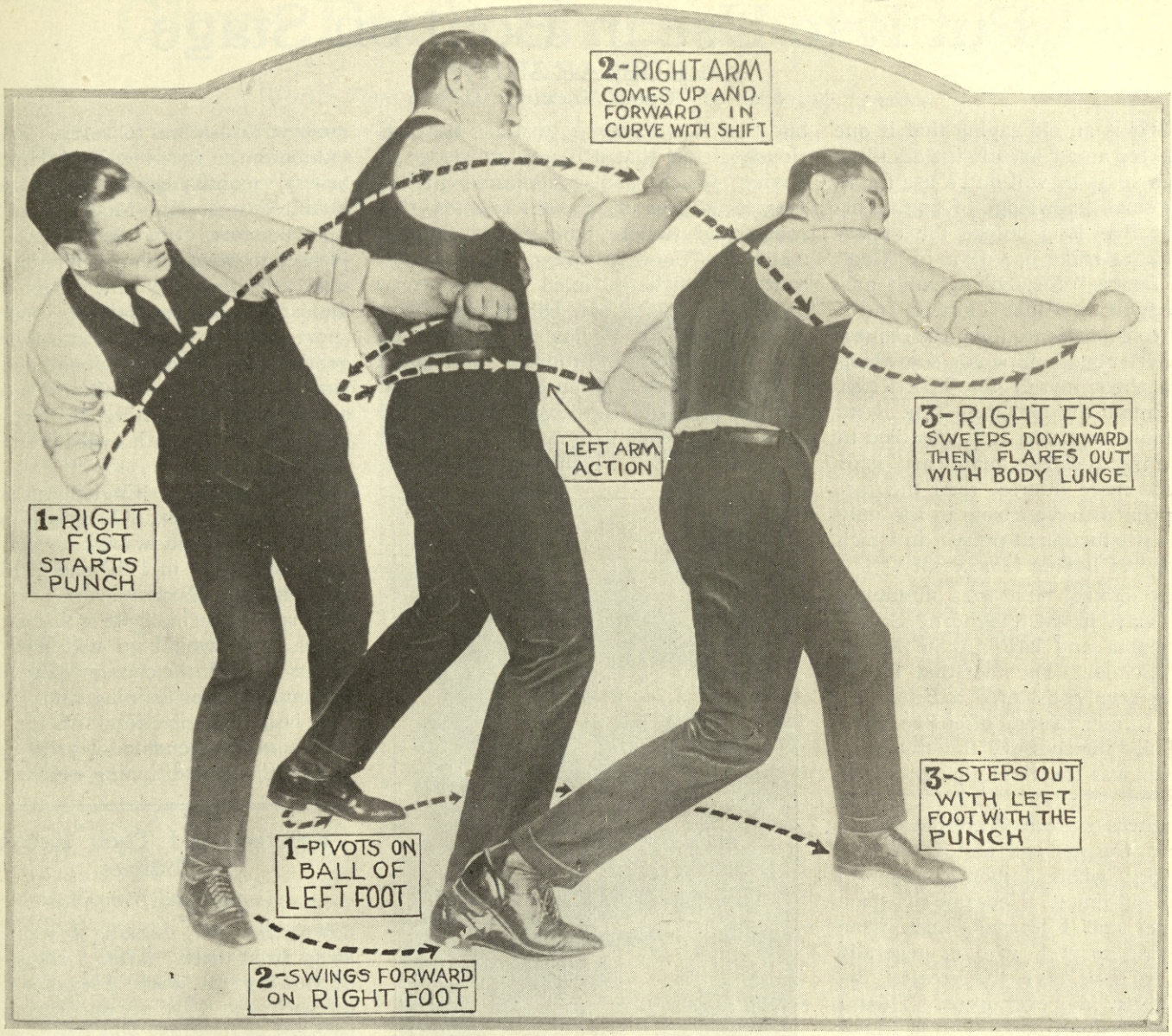
When Thomas arose from the floor he had a glove full of powdered resin, which in some mysterious manner flew into Marvin's eyes and blinded him, and from that point on it was all Burns. Just an accident, you will say.

Talking to "Mysterious" Billy Smith one night over the many old-time tricks that were pulled in the ring in bygone days, Smith indulged in many a chuckle when he saw the two boxers in the ring shake hands and apologize to each other for some slight infractions. "Jack," he said, "I never had any time for handshaking while I was boxing. Do you remember when I was boxing in the Comique Theatre in Sacramento? I had an engagement to box strong fellows every Friday night, and some of the fellows they stacked me against were big enough to beat Willard. The boxing ring was fastened to a brick dead wall back of the stage without any back ropes.

Well, those boys would come at me like a house on fire for the first round, and I would work down toward the footlights, and naturally the big fellows would come

(*Continued on page* 6)

HOW DEADLY RABBIT PUNCH IS DELIVERED—Illustrated by Jack Dempsey



Rabbit Punch Must Go—Legislation Needed to Kill Deadly Blow

The action of the New Jersey State Boxing Commission in making the use of the rabbit punch as well as the kidney punch illegal thereby subjecting the offender to possible disqualification, has met with approval throughout this country and abroad. Although many states ban the kidney blow it is worthy of notice that not one state in the Union except New Jersey has gone on record as opposing the Rabbit punch and making it illegal.

Boxing, London's authority on pugilism, as a result of the damaging blows which were landed in the recent Fox-Criqui bout, comes forth with a demand that the rabbit punch must go. In this the Ring concurs. The Ring twice editorially has called upon the authorities to compel all boxers to discard the rabbit punch, a blow which Dempsey used effectively on both Brennan and Carpentier.

In an editorial, *Boxing* remarks:

"It behooves the Boxing Commissions of the states overseas, the National Association of Boxing in America and the Board of Boxing control here to take the bull by the horns before a fatality occurs and kill the rabbit punch ere a boxer is killed. This blow and the kidney punch have no place in the categories of legal punches in pugilism and the quicker all boxing boards follow the action of the New Jersey State Commission, the sooner one of the most deadly blows in fistiana will be eliminated. All must consider these punches with becoming gravity.

"It was very much in evidence during the Fox-Criqui affair in London, Fox time and again bringing down his right with a chopping action on the back of Criqui's neck. That the punch is a hurtful one there can be no two opinions. That it will kill a boxer one of these days is as sure as shooting, and when it does, the boxing world may look out for squalls. It is urged on behalf of the rabbit-killer that it can only be used with effect upon a man who is clinching, and that as he is thereby transgressing the rules, he has only himself to blame.

"This argument may sound well but upon analysis it won't hold water. The chief objection to the blow is that it is in itself an offence against the law of the land, while "hugging and holding" is merely an offence against the laws governing boxing.

"If referees would but do their duty, and boxers would but box instead of cuddling each other, the "rabbit-killer" would die a natural death. As none of the high contracting parties, however, seem disposed to do their duty, it seems to us that it is up to the Board of Control to seize its trusty "axe" and land it upon the portion of the anatomy of this particular "chicken" which will do it the least possible amount of good."

Saved Boxing Knowledge 14 Years Before He Put It to Use in Bout on Stage

By OSCAR SHAW

Star of "Good Morning, Dearie"

THERE is an old saying that if one will keep an apparently useless thing seven years he will find a use for it. I kept my small knowledge of boxing almost twice that long before the opportunity came to make use of it in "Good Morning, Dearie," Mr. Dillingham's musical comedy at the Globe Theatre, and it is difficult to concentrate upon the request of Miss Gertrude Phillips for something interesting about myself for THE RING, for to my mind the fact that THE RING has a feminine reporter, fully qualified to write upon the so-called "manly art" is of considerable more interest than the fact that I happen to have a role in the only New York production at present in which a knowledge of boxing is necessary.

I learned boxing first in a desultory, schoolboy way, in the Claghorne School in Philadelphia and later in the Meade Grammar School. The fact that I generally have been considered a better defensive performer than an offensive boxer makes wholly unnecessary the statement that I never was the class champion—or even the runner-up.

When I was sixteen years old I was well grown for my age and I went to Atlantic City, where I met Young Kid Griffo, the old-timer. I became his sparring partner and I learned much from this old ring marvel, who is generally conceded to have been the greatest defensive fighter who ever lived. Then I took part in amateur bouts both in Philadelphia and in New Jersey, fighting first as a lightweight, and when I grew heavier as a welter.

I did not graduate into the professional ranks. My father, who had been a landscape painter, had met with business reverses and had died, and it devolved upon me to become self-supporting immediately; and, as I could sing and dance, I went on the stage in 1908. But I did not give up my boxing. I managed to get to the gymnasium two or three times a week, and I soon found that the footwork of the boxer became a splendid foundation for the footwork of the dancer. Incidentally, I have heard complaints from time to time that there have been champions and near-champions who should have confined their dancing abilities to the stage instead of to the ring.

On July 1, 1922, I had engaged in something more than 300 stage fights with Mr. Harland Dixon, my adversary in "Good Morning, Dearie." Mr. Willie Jackson and Mr. Johnny Dundee may better that record by the time they both lay aside their padded mitts for keeps, but they have got to hustle. But, seriously, I feel that it is my knowledge of boxing which has contributed in the greatest degree to the success of that rough and tumble boxing and fighting match in "Good Morning, Dearie." Of course, the fight is "fixed." I happen to be the winner and Mr. Dixon happens to be the loser, but I wish to bear witness that the rough-and-tumble in "Good Morning, Dearie" is more strenuous and requires more in the way of nerve and clear-headedness than many four-round amateur bouts in which I have engaged.

Oscar Shaw

The movements of both principals must be so synchronized that they will not become lost to the audience in the general scramble on the stage in which about eighty persons take part. And they must be so timed that Virtue, represented by the writer, and Vice, by Mr. Dixon, shall prevail and be prevailed against respectively in harmony with the music of the piece, with the curtain descending upon the finish of the fight and the finish of the music. I broke two ribs during rehearsals trying to learn to make the role realistic, and that is something that did not happen to me during my ring days.

I have enjoyed many lasting friendships with boxers. I number Jack Dempsey, the world's heavyweight champion, among my friends, and he was good enough to ask me to referee one of his exhibitions at the New York Hippodrome several months ago. I was well acquainted with Kid McCoy, and I have known scores of others. And I am pleased to say that in my opinion the boys who are appearing now in the ring are almost without exception a credit to the sport and that by their clean living, their gentlemanly conduct in and out of the ring and their respect for their business agreements are putting the sport on a firmer footing than it ever before has enjoyed in America.

While playing in England, at the London Opera House, Georges Carpentier was in the same show with me and I often boxed with him in 1912 and 1913.

While Mr. Carpentier was training at Manhassett for his fight with Jack Dempsey I often would go with him on his jaunts through the country, play medicine ball and do other training stunts with him and became quite fond of the French champion and benefited a great deal myself by these conditioning exercises.

Referees and Their Responsibilities

(*Continued from page* 4)

down after me, thinking I was backing away from them. After a round or two of this sort of work, I would start the offensive and drive my opponent up stage as hard as I could, and then bang with my right hand and drive him against the brick wall. Yes, I always won, but it was not with what I hit him with; it was the brick wall that did for him."

Bill was always handy on thinking up some pretty little piece of knitting to show to some of the aspirants who looked longingly at the welterweight crown. It was Sweet William's delight to lead with a straight left, and if he missed to land his entire weight on his opponent's feet. This would anger his opponent, and in nine cases out of ten start to kick to the referee and then something would happen, for the instant the boxer turned his head he would get a smash on the jaw that would either put him away or drop him to the mat in a dazed condition.

These are but a few of the thousand little pleasantries that happen in the game. Thus it can be readily seen that the third man in the ring has more work cut out for him than the average fan would think and the only time he is happy is when he is on the outside looking in and hearing what is being said about the other fellow.

Memorable Corbett-Choynski Skin-tight Glove Battle on Barge Recalled

By "TAD" DORGAN

World Famous Cartoonist of New York Evening Journal

OLD TIMERS in the boxing game all have memories of what was the greatest fight they ever saw. For years this has been a favorite topic for the fans. Just what one takes the palm is a matter of opinion, but what the late Billy Delaney had to say in a letter to the writer some years ago should bear a lot of weight.

Delaney was accounted in his time one of the shrewdest men in the game and one of the greatest handlers of boxers the ring has ever seen. He was the only man in history who started two heavyweight champions on their way to the top—Corbett and Jeffries. Strange to relate his last connection with a big bout was in a championship when he was Johnson's chief second in his battle with Jim Jeffries at Reno twelve years ago.

Later on Delaney tried to make a champ out of Al Kaufman but he missed fire. In his letter sent to the writer a short time before his death, Delaney says he never in all his life saw such endurance, gameness and cleverness as in the memorable bout between Jim Corbett and Joe Choynski in a barge off Benicia, Cal., with skin-tight gloves. His account of it, which is sure to interest RING readers, follows:

"In answer to your letter requesting my opinion on the 'Greatest fight I ever saw,' I will say that it was the fight on the barge between Jim Corbett and Joe Choynski.

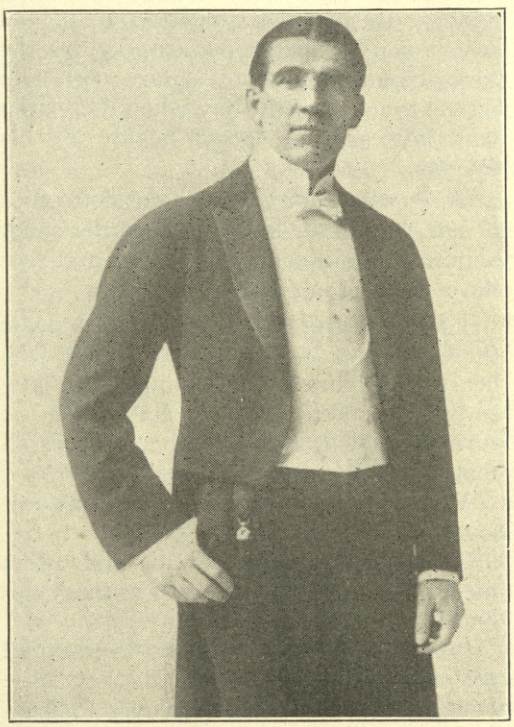
"On the 30th May, 1899, Joe Choynski and Jim Corbett met in a barn at Fairfax, Calif., to battle to a finish with skin-tight gloves. After four rounds of hard fighting the Sheriff appeared and called a halt. They met again a few days later on a barge anchored in the straits of Carquinez between Martinez and Benicia.

"No battle ever held in the State of California created the interest that this contest between two novices did. And novices they were for it was their maiden fight and the stakes were *satisfaction.* At that there were thousands of dollars bet, each man having a big following.

"Choynski's friends secured the services of Jack Dempsey, The Nonpareil, to train and second Joe, while the job of handling Corbett fell to me. They were well matched in age, height and weight, and were both full of confidence.

"The fight itself was a hummer. Corbett wore skin-tight gloves while Choynski, whose gloves were stolen, wore ordinary driving gloves. They started fighting at the clang of the gong and didn't stop until the battle was over. With their small gloves they cut one another to ribbons and the loss of blood, instead of slowing them up, seemed to spur them on and make them fight all the harder.

"Before the fight was half over the ring looked like a slaughter house and many of the spectators had to leave the ringside. Several times Patsey Hogan, the referee,



Jim Corbett, whose famous fight with Joe Choynski is described as greatest ever by Billy Delaney

wanted to stop it and declare the fight a draw, but neither man would stand for it. They insisted upon fighting on when as a matter of fact neither man had much left but confidence.

"It was anybody's fight right along. First Joe would take the lead and a bit later Corbett would come back and take it away from him.

"In the 25th round Choynski bled like a pig and was fading fast. Both of Corbett's hands were broken in the 20th round and the blood from cuts over his eyes almost blinded him.

"In the 28th and last round Corbett could do nothing but palm Joe full in the face with his left. He couldn't close the hand. He caught Joe a stiff one towards the end of the round and Joe toppled over like a fallen tree.

"A moment after the referee declared Jim the winner he collapsed completely. When he did come to after generous dousings of cold water, his first question was "Did I lose, Billy?" Never before nor since have I ever seen so much cleverness, endurance and gameness displayed, and this goes for both men.

"I am sure that if Jack Dempsey, who handled Choynski, were alive today, and were asked to name the greatest fight he ever saw, he would agree with me when I say that the battle between Corbett and Choynski on the deck of that old barge off the shore of Benicia, California, was it."

Chow

The modern pugilistic champ who lives
by swing and hook,
His life is sweet and pleasant as a purling
woodland brook.
A secretary at his call,
A dozen servants in the hall,
And when he puts the feedbag on he has
a private cook.

In days of old, when pugs were bold, they
were a hungry bunch,
The sturdy boxer's appetite possessed a
sturdy punch.
And when he put the feedbag on
To soothe his stomach, weak and wan,
The barkeep always hollered: "Hey! Go
easy with the lunch!"

—GEORGE PHAIN.

Important Notice to Readers of The Ring

The circulation of this magazine has jumped in leaps and bounds. THE RING, given to dealers on a fully returnable basis, has been sold out in each of the past three months. Many requests are coming to us for back numbers, particularly the March issue, but there are none left.

If you want to be sure to get your copy of THE RING subscribe now.

The subscription price of THE RING, beginning with the October number will be increased to $1.50 per year. Take advantage of the opportunity we give you now and get THE RING by mail for one year for only $1.00. No bigger bargain in the magazine field has ever been offered to the public. Your last chance.

THE RING is being sold in the biggest cities of this country, England, France and Cuba, and judging by letters of commendation received, it is meeting a long felt need.

We have reached the 16,000 mark in net paid circulation and are rapidly heading toward the 25,000 figures. No water in these figures. Our books are open for inspection to all—especially to National Advertisers.

The Sleep Producer (Kid Socko Discovers Something)

A Further Adventure of Kid Socko—VI

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

THINGS are never so bad but what they might be worse, but just because of that you can't accuse them of not trying. That's my motto, folks, and the more I see of life the more I am convinced that the worst is yet to come—soon.

This old dame Fate never has to get set to hit. She carries a kayo in both mitts and she is continually in there letting fly from all angles. She never seems to miss.

Well, I left Kansas flat on its bleeding back. For all I care it can go on bleeding until death does its part, and the sooner the better. That's my motto. I wouldn't swap an ounce of powdered resin for an acre of wheat field, even if there is any bigger saps being paraded into the market these days than I am. I am tipping the beam for lightweight champions at 187, which makes me about seven pounds over 200 on the up and up, and every single gram of it is bone.

These Kansas lots of mine is still on sale and the chances is that they still will be when Gabriel gets callouses on the palms of his hands from tooting his horn.

So I spent a lot of time looking around for a guy which will do a little box-fighting for me and at the same time make it possible for a guy which has grown accustomed to four square meals a day to get at least two circular ones for himself.

I find one.

This is not the works. It is not even the factory whistle. It is the real thing.

This boy can take himself out into a den of lions with a can of milk and come out of it without spilling a drop. He can whip his weight in machetes during a Cubeb revolution. He is as fast as a waiter reaching for a tip and he packs a wallop that could put a dent as big as a watermelon in a steel girder.

The name of this package of knockout drops is Young Marvelle. He is both.

By nature and training he is as fast a lightweight as has ever had his name mispronounced by Joe Humphries.

Well, what he does for me is as follows:

He assassinates Battling Rudolfo in three rounds in Jersey City.

He murders Mike Issacs in a minute and a half in Reading.

He slaps the lights and livers out of Glen Meade in about eighteen seconds in Syracuse.

He puts the bumble bee to Young Patootie, a colored gent, in two rounds in Baltimore.

He soothes Bad-Man Murray in five rounds in Bridgeport.

In other words, he is in there spreading sudden death and destruction among all which can be persuaded to occupy the same twenty-four foot square with him on the evening of the day when the victim was last seen in good health by his friends.

Well, what that boy does not do to foes is not worth shedding any printer's ink about. He never misses a bet and, believe me, I don't either.

I am cleaning up so fast that I make the Gold Dust twins look like a maid who hears that company is coming for a long stay. My motto is: make hay while the turnstiles click, and I am here to tell all that I wield a mean hay-fork.

Well, what this does for us is as follows:

Tex Rickard sends for me and offers me a bout with Kayo Turnip at the Velodrome.

"And if you win," he says to me, "I'll get you Leonard."

"Can you throw a lariat over to England?" I ask.

"No, but I can bounce a check that far," he says.

And so I sign for the battle.

We start our work out at Freddie Welch's health farm and Young Marvelle looks as good there as a Liberty Bond back to par. He takes everything as cool as though he were only going to have a little workout in a few days and not get set for a bout that means a little go with the champ, himself, just as soon as he knocks Kayo Turnip right back into the home-made beef stew.

Naturally, this does not work that way with me.

I am as nervous as a guy which learns that his wife has been seen in a milliner's shop that afternoon and which has not yet been able to learn the full extent of the damage, owing to incomplete returns from the outlying districts.

I get about as much sleep as a night watchman who is spending his first night on the job.

I can't pound a pillow long enough to make a dent in it. I roll about like a pair of dice in the hands of a gent of African persuasion, but so far as I am concerned, beds is something that are intended to be used. Sleep and me seem to have parted company. All I can hope for is that there may be a reconciliation at some future date.

Well, I do my best for myself in the matter of trying to get off forty winks, but most of the time I fall about thirty-nine shy.

So it goes until the day of the fight.

When we are leaving Welch's to go to the Garden I slip a little something in a bottle and put it in my hip pocket, not that I would give young Marvelle any hop, or anything like that, but you can't never tell when a little powerful stimulant will help. It sometimes does a lot towards improving the breed of the horse.

Well, while the boys are dressing after weighing in, I swap a few words with Frank Flournoy and I tell him I am having much trouble getting my usual allotment of sleep lately.

"I used to be troubled with insomnia myself," says Frank, "but the doctor gave me some dope that fixed me right up. Come up to my office and I'll let you have it. I'm cured."

So I went and Frank kindly slips me a bottle.

"Take a spoonful of this tonight," he tells me, "but before you do be sure that you leave a call at the office. Otherwise you'll never get up."

I stick that valuable bottle in my other hip pocket for safe keeping.

Well, the fight starts and what my Young Marvelle is not doing to this Kayo Turnip has never been told any vegetarian before this. He hits him with everything except the timekeeper's watch, and that seems due to come next.

Of course, he takes a few tough ones himself, but that Marvelle boy can do nothing if he can't swallow punishment.

In the sixth round Marvelle is leading by such a margin that it would take four hours to pass a given point, if anyone could be persuaded to give one.

Coming out of a rally at the end of the round he gets clipped a pretty stiff one right on the button, but he manages to hang on and at the bell he is fighting back great.

"How d'ya feel?" I ask him when he hits the corner.

"Fine," says he. "If I had a shot I think I could take him this round."

So I dig out the bottle and slip him a quick swallow.

Bang! goes the bell and Young Mar-

(*Continued on page* 15)

Months of Preparation Needed for Promotion of Heavyweight Championship Bout

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

HEAVYWEIGHT ring battles always have first place in public estimation. Where championship fights in other divisions have created national interest, bouts for the heavyweight title have set the entire world buzzing with excitement. In recent years we have the examples of the Jeffries-Johnson, Johnson-Willard, Willard-Dempsey and Dempsey - Carpentier engagements as glaring examples of this.

The answer is, probably, that the heavyweight champion is looked upon as the king, the master, as it were, of all classes, which, of course, he is. However, tradition has hung a mantle of glory over heavyweights, probably due to some extent because of the fact that in the very first days of boxing, at the time and just after Figg, heavyweights were more common than men of other weights. That glamor still continues to a great extent.

Incidentally, with the Wills-Dempsey fight in the offing, it is interesting to note that previous heavyweight battles, battles staged twenty and odd years back, required many months of promotion, which would seem to justify Jack Kearns in wanting to have plenty of time before sending his champion in to defend his title. Tex Rickard, astute promoter that he is, also seems justified in not wanting to bid for the fight if he has to stage it before a year elapses.

The memorable fight between Jim Corbett and John L. Sullivan hung fire for months and was the talk of two continents for a year before the ex-bank clerk climbed into the ring with the "Boston Strong Boy"—and whipped him.

Before that Peter Jackson and Corbett fought and their bout, staged without the precincts of the police on a barge off San Francisco, was talked of for months and months and every sportsman in the world gossiped over this battle. And not many saw it, either. Yet it was talked of afterwards for years and still is a much discussed affair.

After Corbett had won his title Tom Sharkey rose as a contender. Interest in this bout grew intensely and months before the date was announced the public "ate up" every bit of news published regarding the two fighters, the probable terms, the chances of Corbett winning, the chances of Sharkey becoming champion. Controversies arose, talk was bitter; life-time friends broke and became bitter enemies and many of these, living today, still maintain their feuds because of this great heavyweight struggle.

When Fitzsimmons and Corbett fought at Carson City—when Fitz won the championship from Corbett — it required months and months to stage the fight. Twelve states refused to permit the battle and the champion and his challenger were chased from pillar to post, finally settling down at Carson. The American sporting public was sharply divided on the two boxers. So were sportsmen in other countries. Betting, as on other great heavyweight bouts, was very great on this struggle. Money reaching into the millions changed hands on the result.

Of course we all can recall with distinctness the Jeffries-Johnson fight. Jeff was brought out of retirement to defend his title against Jack Johnson after the latter had licked Tommy Burns and had laid claim to the heavyweight crown. Johnson was very much disliked because of his boastful attitude. Race feeling ran high.

Johnson had appeared abroad and had won the confidence and admiration of French fans, especially. He was heavily backed by them. The sporting blood of every country was aroused. But here in the United States feeling ran higher than anywhere else. Our "white hope" crop failed miserably and we had to turn to the retired champion. Unfit and unequal to the task, he failed to uphold the hopes piled upon him, but this personal element inserted into the affair created such interest that fans from almost every part of the world travelled to Reno, Nev., on July 4, 1910, to be present at the ringside.

Other news of the day was lost track of on the days just previous to the scrap. Every newspaper in the country sent men to the fight, or took reports sent by Associated Press and United Press staff men who swarmed at the ringside. On that day New York newspapers and, in fact, every large daily in the country, subjugated other news, news that would have called for big displays, to the news of this fight. And the papers of the following morning printed practically nothing else on their front pages.

Then came the Willard-Johnson fight at Havana. It was decried by many. Johnson was a fugitive from justice in this country. He had escaped to France. He sneaked back into Mexico and then to Cuba, after the Cuban president had guaranteed him "safe conduct." At first the sporting world did not take to this bout. Nothing great was expected of Willard. He had won some bouts, looked to be the best of the white heavyweights, yet was given but scant chance by the critics.

Nevertheless, after the arrangements for the bout had been completed and the date named, interest began to grow. Clever press agenting followed. The first thing one knew the country became wildly excited. The Cubans were intensely excited. As the date of the battle grew nearer, newspapers and news services began sending men to the respective training camps of the two battlers. Reports began to circulate that Willard really had a chance. Johnson was said to be fat and out of shape. "Gone back" came the report.

"Willard is a great fighter," said another. Then the American public got busy. The fans here began seeking reservations. The idea spread. Fans from everywhere cabled for reservations. Havana became the Mecca of all fight fans. The preliminary news of the fight was cabled to all ports of the world. The result was flashed to practically every corner of the globe. Willard won. The white race was vindicated. That touch that had been so noticeable at Reno was injected into the affair before and after. It was a world-wide bout, no doubt of that.

Jack Dempsey loomed on the horizon. He knocked out the lame ducks of the heavyweight division and became the "logical" contender. Willard accepted his challenge. The public warmed up quickly. The date for the fight was named. The site selected. Tex Rickard, the promoter, "ballyhooed," as the saying is, until he, or his press agents, almost talked themselves out of all profits.

The world was told that all accommodations were gone and thousands thus were kept away when in truth there were many vacant seats in the arena at Maumee Bay that July 4, 1919. Nevertheless it but demonstrated to what extent the fight attracted attention. Once more other news was put in the background for news of this fight. It was a sensational bout. It ended quickly—with the champion badly beaten—a new champion arisen.

This brings us to the Dempsey-Carpentier bout at Boyle's Thirty Acres on July 2, last year. Georges, the gorgeous, flying ace of the world, champion of Europe, idol of European fight fans, press agented in this country to the nth degree, challenged the champion, drew the admiration of the world. The champion, recognized for his fighting ability, was deprecated because of his war record—especially when it was contrasted to the brilliant one achieved by Georges.

Rickard built his huge arena in Jersey City to seat 90,000 persons.

(*Continued on page* 11)

"Easy Come, Easy Go," Motto Most Champions Have Followed in Squandering Their Money

By A. D. PHILLIPS

FEW great boxers have been good business men. Most of them have depended upon managers to handle the arrangements for bouts, Willie Ritchie being one of the exceptions. But lack of business acumen has not kept great fighters from making money. The trouble with most of them has been in keeping it.

It is old stuff to recite the tragedies of Dixon, Gans, McGovern, John L. Sullivan and many more who earned fortunes and squandered them. The sermon is preached again only in comparing the earnings of great ringmen of one period and those of another. There is no doubt but that boxers nowadays are paid more for their services than in days agone. The gate receipts these days would stagger some of the old timers were they alive.

Dempsey gets half a million for a fight. Leonard gets half a hundred thousand or more for nearly every fight he takes part in. Seldom does he collect less than $25,000 for his share of a ten or fifteen round tussle and sometimes he gets that much for an eight round gallop.

The old fellows—John L., Kilrain, Mace, Dixon, Gans, Wolcott and scores and scores of others—thought themselves well paid in a few thousands. Yet, by fighting often, they piled up comfortable fortunes. Not many could keep their money, however. John L. let his slip through his fingers like water. McGovern did the same thing. So did Dixon. Gans was nearly broke when he died. Mace lost most of his money and Wolcott is now a stoker on a tramp steamship running out of Boston.

Maybe if all of these had been able to collect huge fortunes that champions and near champions do nowadays they might have saved some of it. But this is doubtful. They probably would have spent more.

Jeffries was not a good business man while he was in the ring, but he was not a spendthrift. He simply saved his money, lived in a frugal manner and when he was through he had a good part of his earnings left. Now he is a prosperous cattle raiser in California. Tom Sharkey was notorious for his close fistedness with money. But Tom was wise. He was not a shining light as a business man, but he had in his blood the sense of frugality. He has money to this day, owns a racing stable and lives in comfort. He was not a champion nor did he receive a champion's reward. In fact he fought many battles, hard ones, for less money than some near champs of today get. He, too, was looking after the future.

Take Battling Nelson. Bat made very good money, though nothing to compare with what Leonard, now the bearer of the lightweight crown that Bat sported, earns. Bat spent most of his money, lost most of the rest, but was saved when friends invested some of the remnants. Bat is not a prince of wealth today, but he has got something left, albeit it is tied up so he can't squander it, it is said.

Tommy Murphy, "Harlem Tommy," who was as near the lightweight championship as any one can get and yet fail, made a considerable fortune and proved himself an excellent little business man. Tommy invested his money in Flatbush real estate, in the days when Flatbush was rather dubious as a place to invest money. But Tommy saw ahead. His investments all panned out. Today Tommy, who lives over in Brooklyn, is a real estate operator. He has his money secured. He owns a couple of automobiles, has a happy family, and stands out as a real credit to the boxing game.

Among the boxers who have been spendthrifts one will find they mostly were "good fellows," a dangerous thing to become. They really were "suckers" in the sense that they fell for almost anything so-called friends recommended. Not all were drinkers. Not all were gamblers. Many a boxer who made money and then parted with it had no greater vice than being a "good fellow." On the other hand, many were gamblers. Many could not resist the temptation to back his judgment or his card playing or dice manipulating ability against the other fellow's. Abe Attell was a gambler at heart. He was the "good thing" for many who professed to be his friends, but his earnings were lost in games of chance.

Stanley Ketchell was a live "sucker" for the hangers-on of his camp. After he was killed, twelve years ago, his estate totalled up very little. Yet he had earned more than $200,000 in the ring. He gave his money away, or it was taken from him by slick sharpers who had him tagged as an "Easy Mark."

Fitzsimmons was a poor business man of the poorest type. He invested in the most worthless things imaginable. He seldom made money at anything outside of the ring. He tried the theatrical game, the cafe business, farming and backed many enterprises. He left but a scant crumb of his fortune when he passed on.

Jim Corbett did not make any fabulous sums in the ring, but he did make considerable money. He was at the top just when large purses for fighters began to become the thing. Corbett was sharp witted, keen. He was no one's "sucker." He lent to friends and lost much money that way, but for the most part what losses he suffered were from unfortunate rather than unwise investing. "Gentleman Jim" still is in the land of the living, a leading light in the theatrical profession, an actor of no mean ability, and a fine drawing card. He earns a handsome income by his histrionic ability and having saved a goodly portion of his ring earnings is not in immediate want. Corbett was among the better business men of the ring.

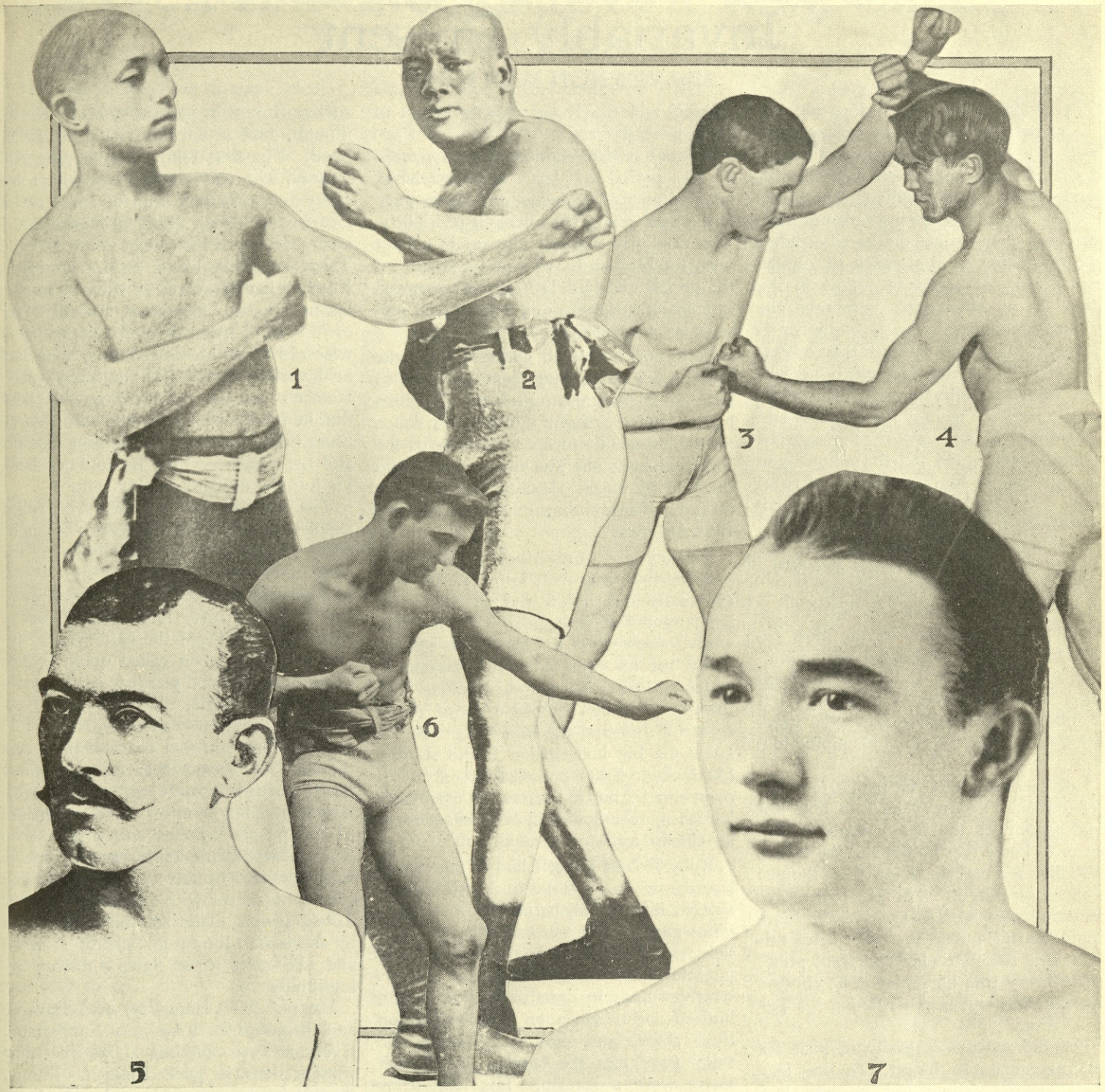
Ad Wolgast was a poor business man. Leach Cross was one of those keen fellows who did not squander his money, yet who failed to save much. He was unlucky rather than unwise in investments. He never was in abject need after his ring days were over, but most of the very good fortune he made was gone. Leach is now practicing his dental profession in California. He was wise in one thing: he learned something besides fighting when he was young and had that to fall back upon.

One could go on down the line and sort the fighting men over and find mighty few, comparatively, who had much control over their earnings. In the older days, back even before John L., who marks the last of the "old school," purses running only in the hundreds of dollars were the rule and fighters had little chance to save. In fact they had hard times making both ends meet. A few of the fighters in the very old school made what were considered big fortunes in those days, but which would be considered small nowadays, and some saved and some spent. On the whole boxers have proven better business men in recent years—in the last ten years—than in any previous period.

Jack Dempsey is reported as "near the edge" of his bank balance. Probably he has spent a lot and given a lot away and squandered a little. But he isn't exactly broke. Neither is Georges Carpentier, whose frugal French nature wouldn't permit of such a thing. The champion, however, has to live in considerable state and it costs money to do that in these hectic days. Guess Jack can use what he will get for meeting Harry Wills. If he successfully defends his crown against the negro Jack should set down greater earnings than any previous champion in any class. What he has when finally he does reach the end of his rope, depends, of course, on Jack himself.

It's a wise boxer who counts time before the referee does!

THEIR BUSINESS ACUMEN WAS NIL; THEIR FIGHTING KNOWLEDGE GREAT



1—*George Dixon*
2—*Jack Johnson*
3—*Young Corbett*
4—*Terry McGovern*
5—*John L. Sullivan*
6—*Battling Nelson*
7—*Jack McAuliffe*

Months of Preparation Needed for Promotion of Heavyweight Bout

(*Continued from page 9*)

Of course the battle attained world-wide prominence. It was called "The Battle of the Century." It wasn't quite that, from a pugilistic standpoint. But from a standpoint of prominence it easily gained that honor. It even furnished food for public talk for months after Carpentier had been knocked out quickly by Dempsey, our present king, who is going to give Harry Wills, the giant negro, a chance in the sweet future.

Soon we shall see the preliminary work for this bout begun. Wills stands as the lone acceptable challenger—one with a chance against the title holder. It is too early to state who will stage the bout—perhaps Rickard, perhaps someone else. But just look ahead a bit and you will hear the first rumblings. The thunder will grow in volume, it will break in deafening crashes—and we will have another great heavyweight struggle.

In the meantime there probably will be staged any number of high class battles in other divisions. But it will be something like the time we started spanking Spain at Cuba and wound up by knocking her for a goal at Manila Bay. The heavyweight stuff is the feline's silver-belled meow!

The Sporting Mother Goose

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack's found no one he can't lick.
And because he's such a crack
Jack has lost a lot of jack.

Benny and Lew—Benny and Lew—
Each of them's willing to see the thing through.
Both can be coaxed to another big show—
How can you blame 'em, for all of that dough?

—Grantland Rice

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Champions and Their Distinguishing Marks Invariably Present

By VERNON VAN NESS

CHAMPIONS are the royalty of whatever they are champions. And champions have a royal marking that distinguishes them from the ordinary rabble. Take pugilistic champions, for instance. There are not now nor have there been many title holders who didn't have something of the smack of ermine about them. It seems to follow in the course of a champion's attaining the throne. Of course, some bear this sterling stamp to a greater degree than others.

In and out of the ring when he was king, John L. Sullivan toted the sceptre and the princely mein. Jim Corbett was a champion in and out of the squared circle and you could tell the minute you put your eyes on him that he was of royal blood. Stanley Ketchell, who had an enormously broad pair of shoulders that lent the appearance of gigantic bulk, had a kingly bearing, a royal touch, as it were, that singled him out of the throng.

Jim Jeffries was monarch with monarchial bearing and one of the most famous cartoons ever executed by the eminent artist, Charles Dana Gibson, was called "The Champion," and showed Jeff all dolled up, swaggering down the street with a mob of awe-struck kids piping him off.

Jack Dempsey hits the public fancy as a champion. You only have to take one good squint at the heavyweight crown bearer to know that he fits into the throne —fits like a motorman's glove, as the girl in the song puts it. The big fellows, of course, always seemed to have the more kingly bearing out in the mob. But this same royal smack has been borne by pretty nearly every title holder once he climbed into the ring and began rubbing his feet in the resin.

The dub always is easily to pick out when he steps into the pit. He may be a swell looking fellow but he will lack something that pretty nearly every eye in the audience will "get" right off the bat. It's a funny thing, but it's so. And just the minute the champ starts at his work you realize why it is that art is art.

However, these royal swat artists had to have a start, you know, and the funny thing is that at some stage of their career they looked pretty much as unlike kings as one could imagine.

They say the first time that Jeffries showed up around the pugilistic lists, he was a scream. He was as big as a mountain and as clumsy as a bear. He had to take a lot of smacking on the face and some rough handling in those old days around Frisco before the rough was rubbed off and the Royal Purple began to show beneath.

Several celebrated managerial wizards of the period of Jeff's apprenticeship, laughed at the big fellow and never gave him a tumble as a heavyweight possibility. The wise ones framed him up in a bout with Joe McAuliffe, who was a "hope" of the period and had Jeff cut into assorted samples of spaghetti and then tossed him aside as worthless.

Only one man who watched him take these mirth provoking beatings saw in him real championship timber. This man had a keener insight into human folks, maybe, or else he scraped off some of the rough when no one was looking and found the sterling mark. At any rate he stuck to Jeff. The gentleman in question was Billy Delaney.

Delaney always said that Jeff gave less promise than any man he ever saw who eventually did attain the throne. Delaney sent Jeff to Carson City to train with Corbett when the latter was getting ready for his fight with Fitzsimmons—which he lost to Ruby Robert, along with the title. Corbett rubbed a lot of rough spots off Jeff and the first thing any one knew the big boilermaker began shining like a silver dollar and class stood out all over him. And, of course, he eventually landed the championship and was a regular champ, anyway you take him.

Ruby Robert himself had to take many beatings when folks out in Australia considered him a dub, before he could convince anyone that he was a really great fighter. He entered a tournament and put the kibosh on four husky heavyweights—and he was a middleweight, himself. But when he first landed on these shores and showed his wares the folks gave him the laugh. His knock knees were a scream. His long arms and his big freckles looked rich. He got scuffed up, got polished off and, boy, what a champ he was!

Stanley Ketchell was washing dishes in a restaurant in Butte, Mont., when he got the fight bug in his noddle. Stan was one of those fellows that always did look like a million dollars' worth of human fighting machinery. He had a kindly looking face, a broad smile, was a good looking chap, but you got the idea right away that he was out of the ordinary.

Yet when he essayed to topple over the boxing world he was a raw looking dub if ever you saw one. He had that queer pose of his, that awkward, shifting, advancing movement, that made him a sucker for the jabbers there. Ketch, though, had a wicked swing in either hand. The first fellow he met was Kid Tracey, who was a tough boy with some fancy footwork and a bit of speed and a lot of experience. Ketchell looked like a boob, but one of his swings connected and Tracy went out like a light. However, Ketchell had to go twenty-four rounds in his next battle, against an ancient boxer of the third rate variety, but withal a wise old bird, Mose Lafontis, who had held various local titles for many years. Ketchell was so awkward in this bout that he fell over his own feet half a dozen times. He just had the fighting instinct and the punch—which he couldn't land. He lost the decision in this bout.

The start he made couldn't be called auspicious, but he stuck to it. Soon he began to look better and finally he got the hang of the thing and he was set. When he was later decked out in the royal plumage he was a nifty looking king, and a champion that loved the battle, never refusing to box when called upon. Some of these royal blood pugilists certainly did have humble starts.

Here's one by way of contrast. It only goes to show you that the first peek isn't the one that means everything. Jimmy Britt worked himself up to the lightweight title, but he never was a real prince of the purple. James was a nice chap when he was champion but as a fighter he was no world beater. However, Jimmy started his career with a neat victory over Tobey Irwin. This set the Frisco fans by the ears. Jimmy got plenty of work and the next three fights he won by knockouts.

He put Tim Haggerty, Kid Lavigne and then Frankie Erne into slumberland. Everyone was talking about the new wonder with the wicked punch. Funny, though, he never scored another K. O. in his career after he flattened Frankie Erne, who was just about through at the time. But Bat Nelson, Joe Gans, Packy McFarland and Johnny Summers all flattened Jimmy in the due course of time.

Leach Cross was knocked for a row of circus seats back when he first started down at the old Long Acre Club. Jack Doyle hinged one on Leach's jaw and sent him skipping for half an hour. Leach looked awful but he had a lot of fighting instinct and nerve. In the course of time Leaches became one of the greatest drawing cards in the game. He never got up to the top. He was pretty close but he never made the grade.

(*Continued on page* 13)

Courage Prime Requisite of a Ring Champion

By JOHN R. GIBSON

[*Only the courageous become champions, is an old saw of pugilism. Recently the father of Billy Gibson, manager of Benny Leonard, was reviewing the past deeds of mighty champions. Gibson's father is wise in the things that go to make up pugilism as we understand it today in the term of the fighting game, for he was the second of John Morrisey in his fight with John C. Heenan. He has seen champions come and go and has seen many a brilliant prospect try for the championship and fail. His opinion is worth something and he expresses the opinion that, taken all in all, mighty few men ever got far in the game if a taint of cowardice was in their system.*]—*Editor's Note.*

A FELLOW can lack almost everything else and yet get somewhere in the fight game if he isn't a coward. I have watched more than fifty champions come and go, I guess, and I haven't seen one that was a coward or had the least stain on his record for courage.

In the fifty years or more that I have been following pugilism I have seen some of the most wicked battles ever staged. Some of these have been a test for both men in the ring. And yet I don't recall ever having seen a real coward in the squared circle. Of course I have heard of the fellows who 'took a dive,' but it has been my fortune never to have witnessed a coward quit in a boxing match, or prize fight.

We often hear stories about a fighter's courage. So and So, we are told, doesn't 'like to take it'; he will 'dog it if he is hurt,' and so on. But though a fighter may clinch and stall when he is hit hard, because he is hurt and he is trying to recover, it doesn't follow that he is a coward. I have seen many a lion-hearted fighter stall after receiving a hard blow. But that is ringcraft. He would be foolish to do otherwise. Also, I know of fighters who do not like to be cut up. And I don't blame them.

When a boxer is out of condition, or faces an unexpectedly hard foeman and has to take a terrible beating, he is accomplishing nothing. Far better if a wise second tosses in a sponge. Tossing a towel or sponge into a ring to save a badly beaten fighter is not a sign of cowardice. On the contrary, it shows common sense on the part of the seconds and handlers.

For instance, who could say that Jess Willard was a coward because his seconds tossed up the sponge in his fight with Dempsey? Only a fool would say Big Jess was a quitter for that. Jess might have been killed had he been permitted to stick longer. That certainly is not the aim of a boxing match.

Boxing matches are designed to prove one man superior to the other. That is all. To attain superiority a boxer must have courage, first, and after that skill, boxing ability and a punch. The best boxer and hitter in the world is likely to get knocked out. He may even be badly beaten. A blow on the jaw early in the fight, a blow that stuns him, leaves the fighter in a bad way. He goes along on his courage, taking a bad beating, until his head clears. And then he may come back and win. But if his head doesn't clear and he continues to be the object of a merciless beating, his seconds must stop the bout or a humane referee must intervene.

Imagine Joe Gans being called a quitter after his fight with Bat Nelson! Yet a lot of folks did say that he was a quitter. But he wasn't. There was no quit in his system. Take Jeffries and Corbett. Corbett nearly ruined Jeff. He cut him to pieces, had one eye hanging out on Jeff's cheekbone, but Jeff stuck and won. It took courage.

John L. Sullivan was badly punished by Corbett, but he stuck it out for twenty-three rounds until nature simply gave in and John L. had to stop. But he didn't quit in the sense that a quitter does.

Packy McFarland was a boxer of rare skill, who was seldom hurt, but now and then he was stung badly. He would stall and come back. But he used to say that he never would let anyone beat him up. By that he meant that if ever he met an opponent who cut and bruised him badly he would throw up the sponge.

"I'd be crazy to let anyone beat me up." Packy used to declare. "A fellow who could do that would be entitled to victory without half murdering me."

But Packy never quit. He wasn't of that brand. But he would have been sensible enough to stop when badly hurt and unable to defend himself.

You know, the boxing game is no place for soft hearts. It takes a fellow with a lot of nerve and what we sometimes term 'guts' to get by. When some fellow without nerve, without courage, tries the boxing game, he usually ends up quickly. The going is too much. He loses his taste for the game and gets out while the getting is good. Naturally, there are exceptions to every case. Taken all in all, though, courage has never been lacking among fighters and all champions have had oodles of it.

The present day fighters are no exceptions. They match up in this respect with the old timers that I have seen. Dempsey is as courageous as were any of the kings of the heavyweights before him. He has been tested, maybe not so much as some of the previous champions, but enough to show that he isn't a quitter.

The old timers differed in only one thing: they had less common sense in a crisis. They would go along battling when half blinded and red with gore. Referees in those days didn't dare interfere and boxers' seconds often refused to throw up the sponge. Gamblers used to hold sway in those days and throwing up the sponge in a fight might be the signal for an uprising of unpleasant sort.

In these days we have strict rules regarding the condition of fighters. Referees in practically every state where boxing flourishes are governed by a boxing commission and rules of that commission. Referees now stop bouts when boys are only on the verge of being badly hurt. The game has to be protected. However, we see grueling battles these days; battles in which the boxers show the rarest of courage. Courage is no child of any one epoch. Champions, I guess, as well as every good boxer, are what they are because they have courage as about fifty per cent of their entire stock in trade.

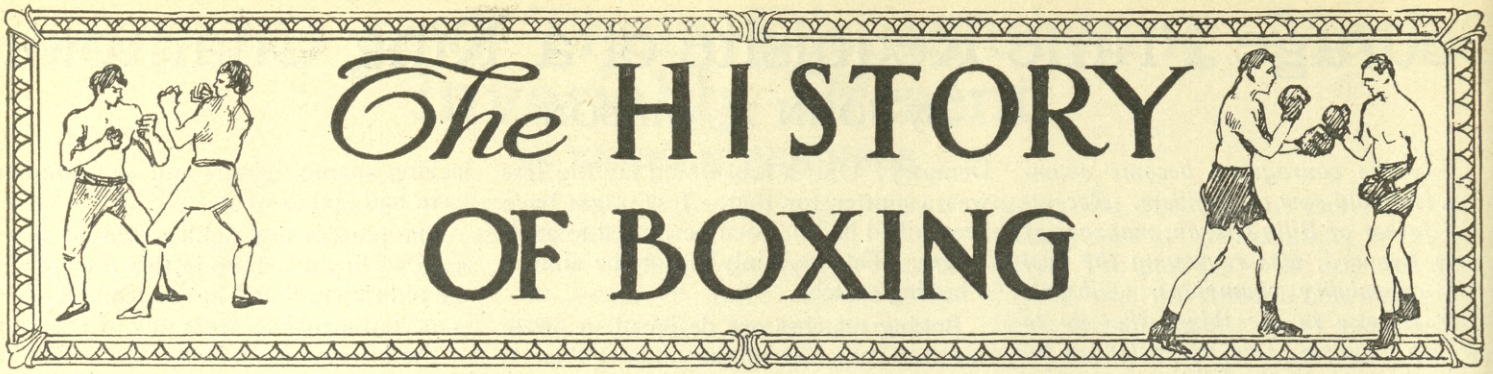
"Of the modern boys who possess everything a boxer should have, I place the one and only Benny Leonard at the head of the class. He is in a class by himself and compares favorably with any of the old timers I've ever seen. Not even the great Joe Gans, nor the clever Young Griffo has anything on the boy who is managed by my son.

Champions and Their Marks

(*Continued from page* 12)

Folks used to go to see Leaches fight in the hope that they would see him packed out on a shutter. He was popular by reverse English. He always had a sort of dub look, but made the most interesting of fights no matter who he fought. Towards the end of his career he was real classy and the fans rallied to him and boosted him for the lightweight championship, but Leaches couldn't climb that high.

In looking for a promising future champion, don't be deceived by first appearances, be they good or bad.



Science Enters into Boxing; Mendoza Starts New Era

This is the Seventh of a Series of Articles on the History of Boxing

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By NAT FLEISCHER

WITH the advent of Tom Johnson, who ruled as champion from 1783 to 1791, boxing again for a time came into its own.

This great fighter was a hero among heroes. Although somewhat inferior to Broughton in the matter of science, he came nearest to perfection to any man who hitherto had appeared on the pugilistic horizon. He was endowed with unusual strength, and this, combined with his agility and careful style, made him a wonderful fighting machine. His courage was of the highest order and he possessed coolness of disposition and temper. He was born in the same year that Slack deposed Broughton of his title, 1750.

From the time he assumed the crown until 1789, Johnson waded through his opponents as if they were so many novices. In fact, the same conditions seemed to prevail as in the case of Jack Dempsey. There were no opponents suitable to give the great Johnson a real battle. All looked alike to him. A search was made at Bristol, the parsley-bed of pugilism, for a suitable opponent, and one was found in Bill Ware, but he was polished off just as easily as were others who tried to depose Johnson.

Finally a match was arranged with Isaac Perrins, and this contest, fought at Banbury, Oxfordshire, England, November 22, 1789, resulted in a victory for Johnson, who knocked out his rival in the sixty-second round. According to historians, the battle was one of the greatest in the early history of English pugilism. The fight lasted an hour and a quarter.

Perrins was a tremendously strong man, gigantic in height and weight, and possessed unusual quickness for a tall fellow.

The victory over Perrins proved conclusively that there were no boxers in England able to cope with Johnson, and during the following year he lived in retirement. In 1791, however, the Duke of Hamilton came forth with a challenge for Benjamin Brain (Big Ben), and as Johnson had lost most of his money at gambling, he was forced to accept.

In this contest Johnson was struck heavily on the nose in the second round, and, bothered considerably by this damage and the breaking of the metacarpel bone of the middle finger of the right hand by striking it on a spike, he lost the bout and crown in eighteen rounds lasting twenty-one minutes.

With the victory of Big Ben and the defeat of Johnson ends the first great period in the history of pugilism.

First Period Ends

With the wind-up of the career of Tom Johnson, whose fistic prowess gained him considerable fame, comes an end to the first period in which boxing thrived in England. One of the marvels of the early school of boxers then came to the fore in the person of Daniel Mendoza, a Spanish Jew. Mendoza heads a school of clever fighters, included among whom are Richard Humphries, John Jackson, Paddington Jones, Bill Ware and Tom Owen.

Mendoza, who was born of Jewish parents in 1764 in Whitechapel, England, started on a fistic career about 1784, when he fought a negro boxer, Harry the Coal Heaver, and brought him into submission in forty minutes. It was not, however, until about three years later that Mendoza rose in the fistic horizon, where he long sparkled, a star of first magnitude.

Mendoza was one of the most scientific boxers in the history of pugilism, and by British historians is dubbed the Father of Modern Scientific Boxing. No pugilist in the early days of the ring game stepped with greater elegance, hit more accurately or put his gloves quicker on an opponent than did Mendoza.

Mendoza was born on July 5, 1764, in London. Although he met with success from the start he did not face any tough opponents until he clashed with Richard Humphries. These men engaged in three great battles, the first of which, fought on January 9, 1789, at Oldham, England, resulted in a defeat for the Spanish Jew in twenty-eight minutes, and the next two in victories for Mendoza. Their second meeting, on May 6, 1790, was at Stilton, England, and lasted fifty-two minutes. The third affair was fought at Doncaster, England, on September 29, 1792, and laster only fifteen minutes.

The success of this wonderful boxer lasted until April 15, 1795, when "Gentleman John" Jackson, one of the greatest characters in the history of English pugilism, lowered his star with a knockout at Kornchurch, England, in nine rounds.

Emperor of Pugilism

This contest, which brought into the limelight the "Emperor of Pugilism," is described in the records of the time as follows:

Round 1.—Both having assumed their attitude, displayed their greatest caution. Fully a minute expired before a blow was struck, when Jackson made a hit and his opponent fell.

Round 2.—Mendoza guarded with great science, avoided the blows of his opponent and put in several severe ones.

Round 3.—In this round there was much hard fighting. Odds rose in favor of Mendoza, 2 to 1, but the round terminated by Mendoza falling.

Round 4.—This was the most severely contested round throughout the battle. Jackson seemed to hold his opponent's manoeuvres in contempt, followed him up with great resolution and put in some dreadfully severe blows. By the last Mendoza fell and his right eye was severe-

ly cut. Jackson now evidently had the advantage.

Round 5.—In this round Jackson caught his opponent by his long hair and, holding him, gave him several severe blows, which brought him to the ground. Mendoza's friends called "foul," but the umpires decided on the contrary. Odds had now changed 2 to 1 on Jackson.

Rounds 6, 7, 8.—Throughout these rounds Jackson supported his superiority. Mendoza acted entirely on the defensive.

Round 9.—This was the last round. Jackson manifestly displayed astonishing advantage. He several times struck Mendoza, who fell, and finally gave in.

The battle lasted only ten minutes and a half, but was acknowledged by every spectator to be the hardest contested that ever was fought in such a short time. Jackson was very little hurt. He leaped from the stage with great agility, while Mendoza was badly cut up.

Uplifted Boxing

"Gentleman John" Jackson probably did more for the uplift of boxing than any of his predecessors or immediate successors. Unlike the men who preceded him, he was a favorite in social circles and took a prominent part in the social activities of the day. He was a wonderful, all-around athlete.

Loved by many, respected by all, enjoying a large circle of friends in excellent society, John Jackson passed his later days. He was a cheerful companion, a great lover of music and a splendid story teller. He passed away peacefully on October 7, 1845, in his seventy-seventh year. His death was as calm and resigned as his life had been exemplary.

He was buried in Brompton Cemetery, where his friends erected a handsome monument. On one side is inscribed:

HERE LIES THE REMAINS OF
JOHN JACKSON
Born Sept. 28, 1769
Died Oct. 7, 1845

On the opposite side is a nude gladiator holding a laurel wreath and plunged in grief. On top is a lion couchant and the following inscription:

"Stay, traveler," the Roman records said,
To mark the classic dust beneath it laid.
"Stay, traveler," this brief memorial cries,
And read the record with attentive eyes.
Hast thou a lion's heart,. a giant's strength?
Exult not, for these gifts must yield at length.
Do health and symmetry adorn thy frame?
The mouldering bones below possessed the same.
Does love, does friendship, every step attend?
This man ne'er made a foe, ne'er lost a friend.
But death, too, soon dissolves all human ties;
And, his last combat o'er, here Jackson lies.
This monument was erected by the subscriptions
Of several noblemen and gentlemen,
To record their admiration of one
Whose excellence of heart and incorruptible worth
Endeared him to all who knew him.

Gentleman John Jackson, King of Heavyweights in latter part of 18th Century

Few High-Class Boxers

The remainder of the period which was made famous by Mendoza, Humphries and Jackson found a handful of high-class pugilists in the field, but none who compared with the three outstanding figures above mentioned.

Bill Hooper, "The Tinman," 1789-1797, was a type of boxer directly opposite to that characterized by "Gentleman John" Jackson. He was a rough individual whose head was turned by success. As a foil to the bright memoir of Jackson, the highly respected and honored athlete of his day, we cannot better point to a moral than by saying a few words of "Bully" Hooper, the lion-hearted.

He was a terrific battler, but the transition from narrow means and humble station made him insolent, over-bearing and loud-mouthed, until he finally earned for himself the name "Bully." Thence, from dissipation and violent excess, he became a shattered wreck, and his melancholy end was marked by poverty and disease.

Following Hooper came Tom Owen, Tom Jones, known as "Paddington" Jones, and Bill Ware. They were the links between the second and third periods of fistiana.

Jones served as the first high-class competitor of the great Jem Belcher. History recorded that Jones fought more battles than any boxer up to the time Jones entered the field. He was a brave pugilist and well deserving to occupy a niche in the Hall of Fame of the straightforward, courageous and deserving boxers. He died at the ripe age of sixty-seven years.

With his death boxing entered a new era, an era which brought forth many hard-hitting and scientific pugilists.

The Sleep Producer (Kid Socko Discovers Something)

(*Continued from page* 8)

velle mopes out to put this Turnip man away.

Well, they exchange a few swipes and then what do I see but Young Marvelle's head nodding. A second later he carefully lowers himself to the floor of the ring. Then he puts his glove under his head, like a pillow, and there he lies.

The referee looks puzzled, but he starts to count.

When he hits six something that I have heard before smites on my ear. It has a harsh, rasping sound.

In another second I get it.

Young Marvelle is snoring.

I have give him the insomnia cure instead of the little shot of hop he expected.

They could have counted a million over him then. He is out for the evening.

And me—well, I have to drink the whole bottle and even then the best it does for me is to make me have a nightmare in which I am going to heaven in an elevator and a guy climbs out and cuts the cable.

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Sport on High Plane in the Philippines and Australia

By JOE WATERMAN

Who recently made a 27,000 mile tour with Bud Ridley—an American boxer who gained fame through his splendid work in foreign lands. Ridley will soon make his debut in New York in Madison Square Garden

THOUGH the glove game has been a favorite sport for many years in Australia, it is yet in its infancy in the Philippine Islands, Japan and China. It is among the Filipinos that boxing has received its biggest boost and added thousands of followers.

The Japs have taken up boxing with enthusiasm during the past year, thanks to the work of Watanabe, a Japanese boxer from San Francisco, who has opened boxing schools in Yokohama and Tokio and is meeting with success. He recently imported that well-known trainer from California, "Moose" Taussig, who brought with him two American boxers, "Spider" Roche and Young Ketchel.

This trio returned to San Francisco not much richer in wealth (purses are still small in Japan) but great gainers in experience. Taussig reports that inside of five years boxing will surely oust jiu-jitsu as the national sport of Japan.

In Manila, Philippines Islands, the game has been going good for the past four years, until now it has reached the stage where the Olympic Stadium in that city is drawing houses of ten and fifteen thousand dollars. The long journey by water and the hot climate is rather a severe handicap to visiting boxers, but the Filipinos are great fight fans and good sports. They have some very good native boxers there, the best being Villon, Flores, Pancho Villa and Joe Suzaro. Flores and Villa are at present making good in New York.

Australia, however, is the real destination of every boxer who travels abroad, and it is quite an experience for a manager and boxers who can go to the Antipodes under contract to Stadium's Limited of Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane.

The land that produced Griffo, Fitzsimmons, Jackson and Darcy lost much of its interest in boxing during the war, and the death of their idol, Les Darcy, almost killed the game amongst Australians, but it has again taken hold, as some of the big gates recently drawn in the Criqui-Godfrey, Criqui-Dencio, Godfrey-Spargo, Ridley-Jamito and Ridley-Spargo contests will testify.

Australia to-day has no Fitz, Peter Jackson or Les Darcy—but it has got Sid Godfrey, lightweight champion, and Bert Spargo, featherweight champion. The latter is a defensive boxer, pure and simple, who has no knockout punch, does not slug, nor does he indulge in sensational slugging bees. But Spargo is a marvel at scoring points by covering up (called "smothering" in Australia), backmoving and tapping with the tip of his left glove.

Godfrey is the real goods. He can fight, he can box and he can punch. This anaemic-looking, blond Australian is a quiet, gentlemanly chap who has met with remarkable success during the past year and has made a fortune in the ring. He is the biggest drawing card in Australia today. Godfrey's success is all the more remarkable that it came after he had been kayoed (at 126 pounds) by both Dencio and Criqui. But at 135 pounds many boxing experts rate him as one of the world's best.

Harry Stone is still in Australia and going strong, but the New York Hebrew boy's age is beginning to tell, with the result that the younger boys are getting so they hit "Hop Harry" now. Stone makes his home in Melbourne, a great sporting city.

The middle and heavyweight situation in Australia is hopeless. Colin Bell, baldheaded and aged, who drives a taxicab, won the heavyweight championship belt of Australia from an unknown named Tom Heeney about five months ago. There is only one good welterweight there, a youngster named Charlie Ring, who is a pupil of Harry Stone. Ring goes out of his class and fights middles and heavies in order to get action. The two best bantams are Jimmy Semmons (champion) and Mick Flynn. Flyweights do not draw at all in Australia, but the champion of that class is Georgie Mendies, who fights bantams and featherweights.

There is no money in Australia for boxers of the above classes, but featherweights and lightweights who can fight can keep busy and pull down some good purses. All fights are over the 20-round route in fine rings and large clubs.

The climate of Australia is wonderful and the people are great sports. Everybody bets on everything—horse-racing, boxing, bowls, cricket, etc. The referees of Australia and the Philippines are like the referees in any other land where boxing is followed: when a fighter thinks he wins—he loses. When he thinks he has kayoed his opponent, he is more likely to lose on a foul. But the fans don't care about decisions, they want action and will turn out big to see a fighter who gives them action.

Something an American manager or boxer will miss in Australia is a real, live sporting writer. The boxing experts of that country are aged men who still use pencil and pen instead of typewriters and who rave and write about the boxers of thirty years ago. The dean of them all is William F. Corbett of the "Referee," who treated us very kindly and fairly.

It was a great trip and a wonderful experience, especially so because we made money, but after a nine months' absence San Francisco looked very good to us, you bet.

Fingerprints Required by Cuban Boxing Commission

By PEPE CONTE

Sporting Editor, "La Presna," Havana, Cuba

THE Cuban government has taken official recognition of boxing as a fine art and as an art to be highly protected. A bill was but recently passed and approved by the President by which the boxing game and all those actively engaged in it on the wet little isle are regulated to a queen's taste. A careful reading of the new boxing law discloses many points that appear to be worth while.

One, for instance, is a regulation barring return bouts within sixty days. Another bars boxers from engaging in more than one bout a week. No boxer under the age of 18 years can take part in any bout. Gambling, one of the main affairs of life among Cubans, is frowned upon and discouraged as much as possible. Stringent rules and regulations ban the placing of bets in fight clubs. This, on part of the law, already has caused consternation among the gamblers, and certain promoters have already dropped out of the game.

Such little things as the retainer fees for referees, announcers and timekeepers are all specifically listed in the new law. The fees of the boxers themselves, however, have not been tampered with by the government. Promoters, managers, seconds, and so forth, are compelled to have identification cards. One of these cards means official recognition. The fee for this card runs from $300 for a promoter in Havana to $10 for the boxers themselves.

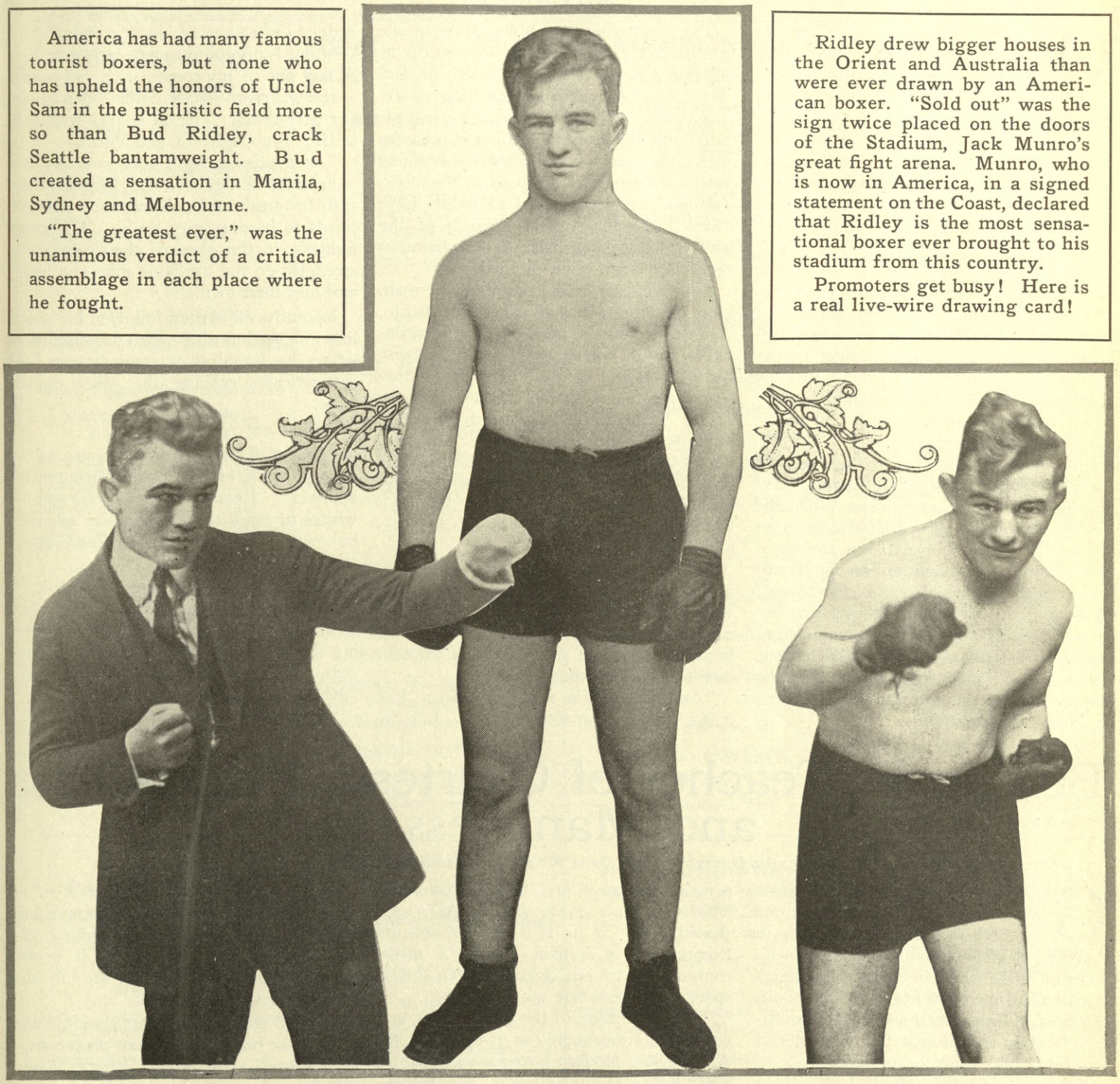
Promoters have to put up a $5,000

(*Continued on page* 22)

Home Again After a Smashing, Successful 27,000-Mile Trip Through Orient and Australia

America has had many famous tourist boxers, but none who has upheld the honors of Uncle Sam in the pugilistic field more so than Bud Ridley, crack Seattle bantamweight. Bud created a sensation in Manila, Sydney and Melbourne.

"The greatest ever," was the unanimous verdict of a critical assemblage in each place where he fought.



Ridley drew bigger houses in the Orient and Australia than were ever drawn by an American boxer. "Sold out" was the sign twice placed on the doors of the Stadium, Jack Munro's great fight arena. Munro, who is now in America, in a signed statement on the Coast, declared that Ridley is the most sensational boxer ever brought to his stadium from this country.

Promoters get busy! Here is a real live-wire drawing card!

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SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—*Defeated Jamito in great 20-round contest.*
JACK MUNRO, (*of Stadiums, Ltd.*): *"Bud Ridley is the most sensational fighter who ever came to Australia from America."*

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Rubbing It In—or—the Medicine Man's Remedy

By AL CARSON

OLD Ponce de Leon's hunt for the fountain of youth was child's play in comparison with the boxer's search for an elixer to rub into himself to gain strength.

No mixture is too potent or too aromatic for the ringman once he is convinced that by rubbing it in he will become a second Dempsey. All that is lacking is for some one to provide the magic formula to be repeated. Not that the rubdown and massage isn't beneficial. Properly done, the rubdown after a workout relieves congestion and closes the pores. Alcohol, witch hazel, Sloan's liniment, even Omega Oil and similar preparations, are good in their place. But the mixtures resorted to containing everything from ripe eggs to snake oil sometimes are laughable.

For example, for years country boys have carefully bottled angle worms, leaving them for weeks at a time. When the cork is removed pet goats have been known to faint. Nevertheless the boys, overcoming their nausea, anoint themselves with the remains "to get strong." A boxer in a city club recently was accused of using angle worm salve on himself and keeping the stuff in his locker, although he loudly proclaimed that the charge was untrue and that he was using a skunk oil mixture.

The fiction that by rubbing pungent oils into the body one can gain strength is as old as the ages. Crusaders used oil, and even in ancient Egypt, according to archeologists, soldiers of the Pharoes anointed themselves before going into battle.

In this country the oil theory is likely to be due largely to the spoils of the medicine men who from 1864 to to-day have traveled the length and breadth of the land boosting their patented preparation "good for man, beast or bird."

"This remedy," says the medicine man, after plunking a few chords on his banjo, "is made from the pure oil of the rattlesnake, the oil which enables him to twist and squirm and to glide over the cactus-strewn ground with the speed of a racehorse. Into the oil I have put the secret mixture of the ancient Aztec Indians. Secret herbs, gentlemen, for centuries the cure for all ills in the Indian country, have been placed with the rattlesnake's life fluid, and in addition I have added the plain daffydill.

"Rub this into your skin, gentlemen, and it will add ten years to your life. Rub it into your shoes and they will become like new. Rub it on your head and become as hirsute as the Seven Sutherland Sisters combined.

"And because I'm a philanthropist, I'm going to give you this oil free. But, in order to introduce my most wonderful invention, I am going to ask each man here to buy one of my combination can-opener—screw driver—glass cutter—pen knives for fifty cents. The oil is free with each knife. Step right up, gentlemen."

The medicine man's speil was and is a wonderful thing. To-day grandmothers faithfully rub snake oil into their dear old joints to become spry again. And many fighters, in the glow of their youth and strength, go the medicine man one better and mix their own.

Recently the writer followed his scentline to a section of the gym dressing room where he found two young boxers, one energetically rubbing the other on the table.

"What are you using?"

"Best stuff in the world," answered the rubber, while his companion grunted his approval "I made it myself. It's got the whites of eggs, turpentine, olive oil, alcohol, witch hazel, peppermint, and water. It's great stuff."

"Well, be careful where you rub it," I cautioned, as I went my way, marveling at the hardiness of the human race. During the war higher commanders from the rear constantly told fighting troops that "men are superior to material."

Verily, they said a mouthful!

Boxing Is Teacher of Courtesy, Fearlessness and Manliness

An Interview with Gene Melady, Western Sportsman

GENE MELADY, Western sporting writer and promoter and one of the best critics of wrestling in America, is of the opinion that there is no sport on earth which develops poise, fearlessness and manliness to the extent boxing does. Gene recently was asked to discuss boxing, and after a few moments of pensive deliberation, he remarked:

"From my way of looking at it, boxing is most advantageous in teaching control of the temper, co-ordination of mind and muscle, fearlessness, courtesy and poise. Boxing is one of the greatest sports in the world to teach manliness and a control of one's equilibrium under the stress of great mental and physical activity.

"Many persons think because a man is a boxer he is therefore a bruiser. But this is not so, although in the old days that was largely quite true.

"Boxing, in truth, teaches courtesy. It is governed by rules which foster the principle of give and take—a principle which certainly every young American should know, if he is to be self-reliant. Boxing, in my opinion, should be made compulsory in our schools. No other sport can give a boy quite so much.

"The real value of the game is not understood as thoroughly as it ought to be. A high-class modern boxer is as much of a gentleman as anybody else. Consideration for others is a prime requisite for success with the gloves.

"Boxing cultivates poise, and without poise no fight can be truly won. Boxing promotes fearlessness and gives a youth that capacity for self-defense which in turn gives rise to calm confidence, that means so much in every walk of life.

"To those who think that boxing is a tough game I will say football is a hundred fold tougher. In boxing the other fellow punishes you, but in footbal you are forced to punish yourself. Boxing irrefutably is one of the greatest of all athletic sports. It was slow coming into its own, but look where it is today, and see the class that patronizes it in the matches that are nightly on the bill in a thousand cities in the land.

"Every young American should know how to use his hands, both to protect himself, as well as to protect others. Good, high-class boxers make good citizens in times of peace and good soldiers in times of war.

The public must discriminate between a high-class boxer and the thug. No two types can be more dissimilar. Then, too, some of the worst Apaches with whom society must contend, are cheap, counterfeit fighters. But again, I say, properly conducted, it is a wonderful game, and I take great pleasure in highly commending it to the youth and young manhood of our great country."

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Buff beat O'Dowd on a hair-line decision but refuses to meet Eddie again.
Wire or write—Bookings are open.

Pugilistic Rhythm

When Jack Meets Ed

While admirers sing the praises of their
own exalted champs,
Some argue that the "uppercut" will
win the day from clamps;
Could Demon Dempsey rock the Strang-
ler to Morpheus with a clout?
Or could Lewis screw the headlock on
till Dempsey's eyes pop out?

Picture in your mind's eye two super-
men of sport,
Engaging in a mixed bout and to all
tricks resort;
With nothing barred in wallops, nothing
barred in holds
And pile driving punches against a
python's folds.

If Dempsey misses his first punch and
Lewis gets behind him
And slips a wrist or hammerlock upon
Jack to remind him
That in the clinches Strangler always
does his stuff
And with a tweak, a gentle twist he
treats the Demon rough.

But should the Dempsey wallop land and
such is in the question,
The resin from the canvas may cause
Strangler indigestion;
If the "heel" he gave at Wichita was
other to Zbyszko,
A spank from the Demon's dark one
will land him out by Frisco.

While struggling with might and main,
and working in the clinches,
The rabbit punch may stretch the
Strangler's neck out several inches,
A flying mare give Dempsey a glimpse of
fleeting faces
And cause him to recline and gaze out
where a world of space is.

Should the grappler grip the tootsie and
turn the trilby tweaking,
The perspiration might burst forth and
cause the pug some shrieking;
But should the leaping Lewis meet a
counter swift and certain,
Bring forth the crepe, apply the ice,
ring down the final curtain.

Against a champ who doesn't carry guns
of such large bore,
The matman would very likely put him
down for evermore;
But the vulnerable spots where Jack's
blows are sure to land,
Are all the same on head or hoof for
each will wreck a man.

So if the snappy, sinful Socker meets the
Adam's apple locker,
Let's have it while our appetite is
whetted up and keen;
Then bring on the next new thriller, radio
or plain fool killer—
Say a bout between an aeroplane and
the slippery submarine.

JAY J. THOMAS.

A Title Match

High flushed with pride the champion
comes
To wage another fight.
All carelessly he bows and smiles
To cheers which are his right.
Unnoticed the contender sits,
With face that's grim and white.

There sounds the clanging of a bell,
The thud upon the floor
Of shifting feet, the smack of gloves,
And while from every pore
The glistening sweat comes oozing out
The rabble yell for gore.

Round after round each fiercely seeks
To batter down his foe.
Straining and leaping in and out
Those strong young bodies go,
Until at last the champion falls
Before a crashing blow.

(One! Two! Three! Four!)
There he lies upon the floor.
(Five! Six! Seven! Eight!)
He once too often tempted fate.
(Nine! Ten!) The rafters ring:
A king has passed. Long live the king!

WALTER TRUMBULL.

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Shadows of the Past—VIII—Peter Maher

By FRANK E. COULTRY

"Oh, bless you, Peter Maher, for the Battle you have fought,
And let every man take off his hat
For the lesson you have taught."

THUS did the Philadelphia *Item* on a day in 1895 hail Peter Maher for the clean and brilliant, but quick, victory he had scored over Steve O'Donnell, the man that heavyweight champion Jim Corbett had sent as proxy to fight the broth of a lad just over from the peet bogs of the "auld sod." Peter knocked O'Donnell for what at that time must have been the equivalent of a row of goals. Peter then was a young giant, within a quarter of an inch of six feet, the pride of Ireland and Ireland's champion.

That was twenty-seven years back along the pugilisitic thoroughfare. Peter still is in the land of the living, but fortune was fickle with the Irish lad and to-day you may find the redoubtable Peter earning a commonplace living as an employee of the New York City Dock Department. This broth of a lad with a penchant for knocking his opponents flatter than the well-known pancacke, this lad who came here to conquer the world, the boy who fought Fitzsimmons twice, who never could get Sullivan or Corbett to meet him—failed, like many another, to take heed of the future. So to-day Peter is a forgotten—or nearly so—luminary of another day of ringdom.

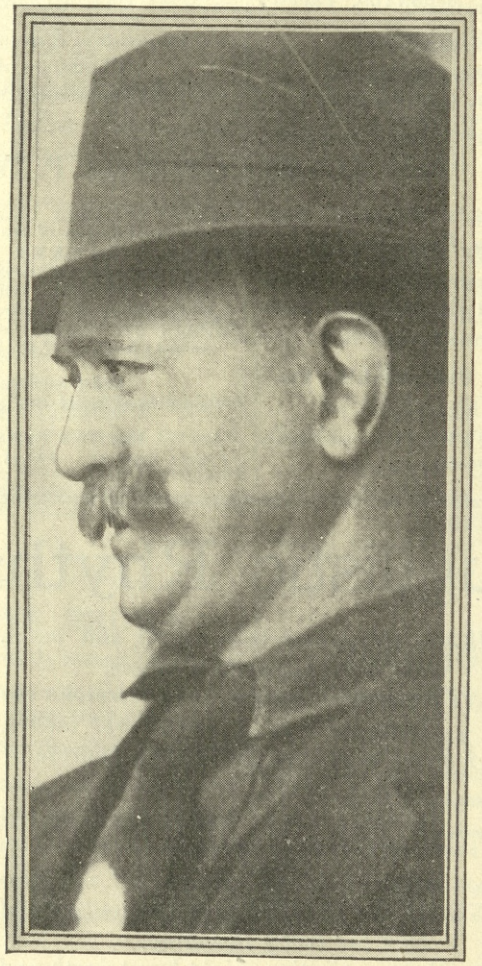
To-day, if you should run across "Ireland's premier pugilist," as he was hailed when he came to this country in 1895, you will find an upstanding, black-browed man whose raven thatch long since has given way to a bald pate. You still can find in his gray eyes the glitter of humor that endeared him to American fight fans in the old days, and perhaps you still can see the fighting light in his eyes. After his ring glory had faded, after his meagre savings had slipped through his fingers, Peter turned to the workaday world for a living, and he was not afraid to work, but it seems ironical that fate should have persisted against this old-time idol.

And he was an idol. We quote from *The World* of March 25, 1895:

"At this moment the Irish boxer is the most prominent figure in the world of pugilism. He is matched to box Bob Fitzsimmons on Febuary 14 near El Paso, Tex., for a purse of $10,000 and the championship of the world."

Idols of clay? Perhaps. At any rate, Peter never got that chance at the title. He never fought a title match. He defeated Joe Choynski with a K. O. in six rounds. But Fitz beat Peter into submission in thirteen rounds in their first meeting. Kid McCoy knocked Peter out. And yet for years and until not many moons back, Peter hung onto the pugilistic means of making a living, was knocked out several times, finally fading from the picture.

And yet, there is Peter, the living spector of the once coddled pet of fate. Or



Peter Maher, as he looks to-day

was he coddled? Maybe not. Once, when Peter first came here, he bragged that he was not superstitious. Said he:

"I am not superstitious. If I had been, I would not have sailed from Ireland last time on Friday, which happened to fall on the thirteenth of the month, nor would I have taken stateroom No. 13, which was assigned to me."

But fate may have been laughing aside when Peter said that.

Fingerprints Required by Cuban Boxing Commission

(*Continued from page* 16)

bond. Referees are bonded for $500, managers at a $300 rate and the timekeepers and announcers have to have $100 bonds to secure recognition and work. So that the officials will not be double-crossed, all participants, from promoter to second, must have his fingerprints on the identification cards, besides supplying a good deal of personal information regarding past condition of servitude, etc., etc.

The new law contains 26 sections and deals thoroughly with every aspect of the fight game. The official body is called The National Boxing Commission and already has begun to affiliate with commissions in the United States with the aim in view of having a reciprocal arrangement for keeping boxers, promoters, managers, etc., banned in one country from appearing in the other.

National Advertisers, Attention. This Will Interest You

Do you know that THE RING is being sold from coast to coast, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, throughout the principal cities of Canada, in Havana, Paris and London? THE RING has reached in net paid circulation the 16,000 mark, and is taking a firmer grip on the followers of sports than any other periodical in the history of American magazines.

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Advertise in THE RING. It will bring results.

One-Minute RESTS Between Rounds

By EDWARD BORDEN

It is too bad that there are so many claims of foul being made. Nowadays almost every time a fighter gets a solid punch in the stomach, he puts in a protest of foul, despite the fact that it is a fair blow.

Sid Terris, former National Amateur Bantamweight Champion, is progressing rapidly in the professional ranks. He is fighting at an average of once every two weeks, and should be fighting the top notchers in another year.

Babe Herman is working his way back to a return match with Pepper Martin. Babe has defeated his last three opponents, Packey O'Gatty, Willie Kohler, and Billy Henry.

A bout between Pepper Martin and Sammy Sieger would fill any club in New York. The Velodrome or Ebbets Field could attract a crowd of 20,000 with this fight. Pepper Martin has the biggest following in Brooklyn since the days of Terry McGovern, and Sammy Sieger has the East Side following that Leach Cross once boasted of. The last time this pair met in Madison Square Garden, Martin fouled Sieger in the second round, after a hurricane first round affair.

We note that Phil O'Dowd of Columbus, Ohio, believes that he is entitled to first crack at Joe Lynch because he won a twelve round decision over him last winter. If O'Dowd is earnest about the challenge, why not wipe out the decision that Sammy Nable won over him, immediately after the Lynch contest, and the two knockouts that he suffered at the hands of K. O. Joe O'Donnell of Gloucester, N. J., and Carl Tremaine of Cleveland.

Jimmy Hutchinson, who is a brother of Hughey Hutchinson, is going great guns around the various New York and Brooklyn clubs. Jimmy is a featherweight and is being handled by Scotty Monteith, who likewise is handling his brother Hughey.

The newsboys seem to have it over every other occupation when it comes to turning out fighters in Philadelphia. Those who have graduated from the ranks of paper sellers into first class pugilists are, Lew Tendler, Harry Kid Brown, Kid Wagner, Joe Mandell, Billy Devine, and Bobby Burman.

Harry Balogh, who is announcing at the Queensboro A. C., Surf Ave. A. A., and various other clubs who are fortunate enough to get his services, is making quite a hit wherever he is scheduled to announce. Harry has a clear voice and is never forced to repeat.

Billy Henry, formerly of Chicago, who is now making his home in Brooklyn, wishes to register a protest against the treatment he received in his recent contest with Babe Herman of California. He recently boxed Herman at one of the Brooklyn Clubs, and was going along nicely in the last round, when he was knocked down, the first knockdown he has suffered in his entire career. He was knocked down a second and third time when the referee stepped in and stopped the bout with only fourteen more seconds to go.

Henry, while boxing around Chicago, had met such good boys as Bud Christiano, Joe Jawson, Artie Root, Frankie Schaeffer, Mike Dundee, Stanley McBride, and Willie Green, the last-named six times. In the east he has fought Irish Johnny Dwyer, Willie Kohler, and his last bout was with Babe Herman.

Al Weill and Charley Goldman are gathering an aggregation of fighters that will soon rival the stable acquired by Leo Flynn. At the present time they have, Sammy Nable, Yussel Pearlstein, Jimmy Mars, Charlie Pilkington, Frankie Curry, Sammy Good, Young Hickey, Moe Ginsberg, Murray Layton, Jimmy Jackson, Charley Anderson, Joe Weiner, Murray Soren, Frankie Curley, and Charley Arthurs, and are on the lookout for more.

If Benny Leonard decides to take a trip across the other side, there will be easy money awaiting him in at least two bouts, with Ernie Rice, the lightweight Champion of Europe, and Ted Kid Lewis, the Middleweight Champion, of the same place.

Lew Carney has formed a partnership with Eddie Summers in a Club which they have opened at Asbury Park. They put on high-class attractions and draw capacity houses each Saturday.

Jack Renault, who has been touring the country with Jack Dempsey in his vaudeville stunts, has resumed training and has been matched with Tex McEwan, at Winnepeg, Canada, for the early part of September. Renault is the fellow that conditioned Jack Dempsey for his bout with Georges Carpentier, last July at "Boyles Thirty Acres."

Benny Valger, the French Flash, who is resting for a winter campaign, is engaging in light workouts to keep in trim. Walter Fields, who is managing Valger, has a few remunerative matches in store for his boxer.

Bert Spencer, the rugged Brooklynite, who hurt his right hand in his contest with Red Cap Wilson at Rockaway Beach, is taking the rest cure. Billy Shea, his manager, has ceased worrying about getting more work for Spencer for at least a few weeks.

It seems a pity that Dave Shade, fighting welterweight of the fighting Shade family, is compelled to do all his battling outside of New York just because he is under the age limit set by the New York State Athletic Commission to battle more than six rounds. Shade is only 19 years of age and has two years more of battling before he can box more than six rounds in this state. A rather ridiculous state of affairs.

Bobby Michaels, who recently returned from California after engaging in nine bouts there, winning eight and losing the other on a foul, was unfortunate in his selection of an opponent at the Surf Avenue A. A., where he fought Pal Moran, the classy lightweight of New Orleans. Michaels lost the decision after putting up a plucky exhibition. He was hopelessly outclassed by Moran, who has fought Leonard and has held his own with the leading lightweights of the world, including Charlie White, Willie Jackson, Johny Dundee, Benny Valger, and numerous others.

Sid Barbarian, the classy lightweight from Detroit, was in New York for a few weeks. After hurling some challenges to our leading lights he left for Detroit.

Like the eternal brook that flows on forever, Johnny Dundee is still taking them on as fast as they come. Johnny went to Houston, Tex., to box Kid Koster, and after the fight was over he was besieged by three other promoters in town to show at their clubs. When he got back to the hotel he found four telegrams awaiting him, a Shreveport promoter offering him $2,500 to tackle Frankie Tucker, New Orleans wanted him to box Young Galiano, Galveston, Tex., to oppose Joe Leonard, and El Paso, Tex., to meet Tony Caponi. Dundee was determined to take them all on, when he was reminded by George Smith, his manager, that he had a date to box Danny Frush at Ebbets Field.

Paul Doyle, the East Side welterweight, has one of the most impressive records in the East. He has fought and defeated Jack Perry, Pete Latzo, Nate Seigel 4 times, Eddie Shevlin 4 times, Barney Adair 3 times, Phil Bloom 3 times, Georgie Ward, Marty Cross, Irish Patsy Cline, and has scored knockouts over K. O. Loughlin, Jimmy Duffy, and Willie Fentour. The only defeat chalked up against his record was scored by Dave Shade of California, and Paul would not refuse a return match, in fact, is quite eager to get one.

Jimmy Kelly was so elated over Pepper Martin's victory over Kid Sullivan on August 2 that he declared open house at his cafe on Hester Street and a pleasant time was had by all, including Pepper Martin, who arrived immediately after the contest was over. The battle will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be there. Pepper was knocked down in the second and third round and then knocked Sullivan down three times in the last round for the count of nine each time. Sullivan was practically out standing up when the bell saved him.

Doc Bagley is going to keep Gene Tunney fighting regularly until he gets a return match with Harry Greb, who deprived him of his light heavyweight title.

Willie Jackson, who has had considerable misfortune in his marital affairs, is taking a rest in the country, where he will prepare for a strenuous winter campaign. Jackson has no thought of retiring as yet, despite the fact that he has gone back considerably.

Sammy Nable, the East Side bantam, who has been resting for these summer months, is now ready for a strenuous campaign. Nable defeated Phil O'Dowd after the latter won a decision over Joe Lynch, and Nable thinks that this should give him a little more consideration when they are picking opponents for Lynch.

Silvey Burns, the matchmaker of the Oakland A. A. in Jersey City, seems to be the only one who can make it pay. Silvey has the faculty of picking the proper matches that will draw any money, and to date has never had a loser. He has drawn capacity houses with Pancho Villa, Abe Goldstein, Pancho Villa-Frankie Genaro, Johnny Shugrue-Gene Delmont, Johnny Shugrue-Elinor Flores. The club holds 7,500 and never draws less than a $5,000 house.

Pancho Villa, the flyweight, and Elinor Flores, the lightweight, who came over here from the Philippine Islands under care of Frank Churchill, seem to furnish satisfaction everywhere they are booked to appear. Villa, a 110-pound boy, is capable of giving Jimmy Wilde a tussle for his crown. He is holding his own over here. Flores tackled Shugrue in his debut here, held him even and created quite a sensation.

Harry "Kid" Brown, the Philadelphia lightweight, in his youth had ambitions to become a dentist. Brown graduated from the South Philadelphia High School in 1920 and was undecided whether to matriculate at Penn or wait a while. He created quite a hit at that time and was in great demand all over the country and gave up going to school. Brown has made a great progress in the ring. He is only 21 years of age.

Panama Joe Gans, colored welterweight and middleweight champion of the world, went to California, where he won two bouts. He defeated Frank Barrieu and Jack Blackburn.

Floyd Johnson is the latest heavyweight to arrive from California. He made good in his first start here by knocking the champion of Italy in the first round.

Rock Smith of Battle Creek, Mich., arrived here an unknown when he tackled K. O. Phil Kaplan of Jersey City. After the battle was over it was the unanimous opinion of the spectators that he certainly has the goods.

Joe Tiplitz, who is still living in Philadelphia, although starting his boxing career in Brooklyn, would be one of the most dangerous contenders for the lightweight title if he were able to handle himself properly. Tiplitz boxed Pal Moran of New Orleans recently and received such a fierce pounding that he is forced to be on the side lines suffering the tortures of a few fractured ribs.

Jimmy Kirk, who acts as Johnny Dundee's sparring partner, and is a first rate fighter himself, is another one who finds it hard to keep busy in the ring. George Smith is going to get Kirk matches even if he has to fight Leonard, although he expects to save Leonard for Johnny Dundee.

Harry Alberts, genial manager of Sammy Sieger, is peeved at Joe Wagner, who is handling the affairs of Jack Sharkey. Sieger fought Sharkey a short time ago and came in one pound overweight, whereupon Wagner claimed the $1,000 forfeit money.

The men were scheduled to appear the previous week, but Sharkey asked for an extra week to get into condition, and Alberts, giving consent, signed a new contract and never thought of taking Sharkey's forfeit, although he was justified in doing so at that time. He is appealing to the State Commission for justice. The only possible reason for Wagner taking the forfeit is that Sieger defeated Sharkey, and the money was the only thing to soothe his injuries. We can recall that Sharkey on four different occasions fought bantamweights, and each time scaled 124½ pounds. He fought Willie Spencer, Roy Moore, and Sammy Nable at the Pioneer Club, and Harry London at the Star Sporting Club, each time ten pounds overweight, and not one of his opponents took his forfeit for weight.

Al Boyle, East Side welterweight, who has been going like a house afire for the past six months and put up a creditable performance at the recent National Sports Alliance Show, has joined hands with Lew Raymond. He will be in line for some remunerative matches.

Hilly Levine, the diminutive bantam of Coney Island, put up a crackerjack contest with Young Ross of Upstate at the Queensboro A. C. and will probably be rematched before the month is out.

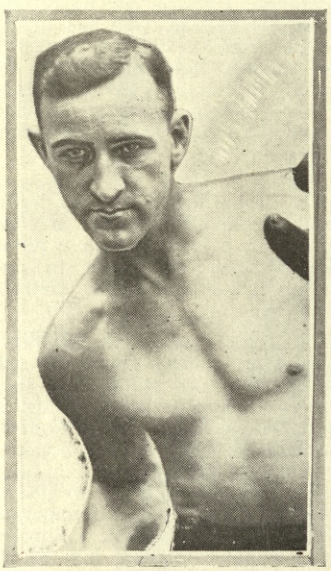
There is a little bantam who is fighting in the preliminary ranks of the Jersey clubs who will be heard of in the near future. His name is Teddy Smacks. He is a waiter in one of the restaurants in Newark, N. J.

Memphis Pal Moore, the Southern bantamweight champion, came to New York to do battle with Jack Kid Wolfe of Cleveland at the Velodrome. He fought a draw.

Frank Garcia, another Memphis contender, is said to be a youngster with a bright future. Charley Eberhardt, who is taking care of Pal Moore on his trip East, is responsible for the above statement.

Phil Krug, the Newark middleweight, made a good showing in the semi-final to the Leonard-Tendler fight. Krug is a nice stiff puncher with a good left hand and a snappy right which he used on Joe Quinn of Minneapolis throughout the fight.

Clarence Gillespie is handling a Brooklyn bantam by the name of Sonny Smith. Sonny has no punch, but he is a miniature Harry Greb. "He hits them from all angles and steps around the ring like a Leonard," says Gillespie.



Charley McKenna, the ex-amateur, is going nicely as a pro and looks like a coming champion to his manager, Ike Dorgan

Willie O'Connell, local flyweight, who finished runner up in the flyweight class, at the National Championships, held in Boston, has a remarkable record since joining the ranks of professionals. O'Connell has won 23 contests and has not lost a decision not even getting a draw in any of his contests.

Jack Worman who boxed a four-round preliminary to the White-Barrett Bout, made a game stand, after being down twice in the first round, recovered sufficiently to get a draw.

Charlie McKenna former National Light-heavyweight Champion, made a hit in his six-round bout against Tim Kelly, and great things are predicted for him by Jimmy DeForest, who is training him for professional contests. DeForest, it will be remembered, is the man who put Jack Dempsey in such wonderful shape for his bout with Jess Willard.

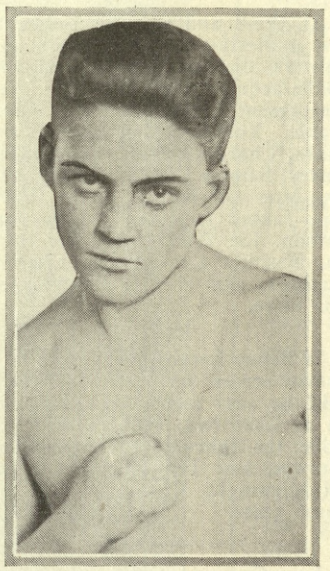
Pal Moore, the southern windmill, who is now making his home in Chicago, was a little disappointed at the showing he made in his contest with Jack Kid Wolfe, in the semi-final to the White-Barrett tilt. Pal had great difficulty in getting started, losing the first six rounds, but put on a cyclonic finish that earned him a draw, and in fifteen rounds would have probably received the decision.

Jimmy Katz a lightweight of Cleveland, who accompanied Jack Kid Wolfe to New York for his battle with Pal Moore, expects to be matched with Willie Jackson in Columbus, Ohio, in the near future.

Bobby Michaels, local lightweight, after having some of his aspirations knocked out of him by Pal Moran, came right back and scored a knockout over Al McRae, promising lightweight of Brooklyn, in three rounds.

Johnny Klesch, Cleveland middleweight, claims he fought fewer preliminary bouts than any middleweight in the country.

"I had but three preliminary



Al. Corbett, Jimmy Dunn's star Cleveland bantam, who has 14 knockouts to his credit

battles, and then one big middleweight got sick," says Klesch. "I walked in, took the bout, and I've been fighting headliners ever since."

Good fighters, like prophets, are rather out of luck in their own towns and against their own fellow citizens. Bryan Downey, leading claimant of the middleweight title since he knocked out Johnny Wilson, has been able to "kayo" all his opponents except Johnny Klesch, a middleweight, also of Cleveland.

Klesch has fought him twice, both bouts going the full distance of 12 rounds, once at Toledo and then at Canton. The matches were Klesch's twenty-first and twenty-second bouts of his pro career.

"You can pick a lot of fellows I'd sooner fight then this Klesch," says Downey. And, Klesch points out, that's a real tribute from an opponent.

Pepper Martin, sensational featherweight of Brooklyn, who is better known as the "SECOND TERRY McGOVERN" the most popular boxer Brooklyn has had in a decade.

Jimmy Kelly's restaurant on Sullivan Street is the rendezvous of New York's sporting fraternity. It is crowded every evening with the after-theatre parties.

Walter Fields, the Russian Lion, is a little peeved at the way the lightweights are dodging Benny Valger his charge. Just to prove that he is earnest Fields says he will match Valger with any lightweight in the country.

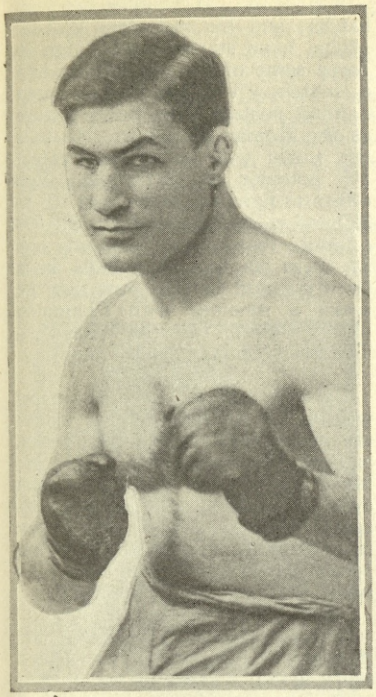
George Engle, manager of Harry Greb, lightheavy Champion of America has returned from Pittsburgh. He says that Greb is resting, but is doing light training in preparation for any contest that he may engage in. Greb, when he is training, is a real plugger. He never lets up. Greb is about the only present day boxer who engages in boxing the day before a fight.

Eddie Mead and Harry Neary managers of Joe Lynch and Midget Smith, respectively, have received an offer from a New Bedford promoter offering them a $500 guarantee to battle in that town. We have not been informed whether they will accept the offer or not.

Charley Rose, well known trainer of fighters, says that Madison Square Garden is the biggest jinx in the world for him. Back in 1914, Rose was in Freddy Welsh's corner when Welsh was Champion, and he was boxing Joe Shugrue in the Garden. During one of the rounds with the minute's rest expired, Rose made a leap from the ring, but his ring got caught with the hook supporting the ropes and ripped his second finger right off. In addition to that misfortunte he has had hard luck in the handling of fighters in the Garden. Very seldom has he come through with a winner, but outside of the Garden, he has Dame Fortune on his heels wherever he goes.

The National Sports Alliance held a meeting at Stillman's gymnasium on August 9th, with Billy Gibson in the presiding chair. The main topic of discussion was the need of a clubhouse for the men associated in the boxing game. Some of the most prominent men in the game are connected with this venture mainly, Billy Gibson, Charley Harvey, Dan McKetrick, Senator James J. Walker, Jimmy Johnston, Dan Morgan, Phil Bernstein, Jim Buckley, Silvey, Burns, George Smith, Leo Flynn, Pete Stone, Jack Dougherty, Harry Neary, Joe Wagner, Charley Rose, Jack Britton, Benny Leonard, Soldier Bartfield, Bermonsley Billy Wells.

Soldier Bartfield is a most sincere booster of the Alliance. After the secretary made a report on the funds, the Soldier got the floor, and insisted on knowing what bank was holding the funds, and how much interest the money was drawing. Senator Walker declared that as soon as a finance committee was appointed, he would nominate Bartfield as the chairman.



Soldier Bartfield, veteran Brooklyn boxer, who has posted forfeit of $2,500 for fight with Jack Britton

Ask Leo Flynn who was the greatest lightweight, past or present, and he will invariably harp on Joe Gans' virtues. "As a boxer he was without a peer, and as a hitter was in a class by himself, and would ofttimes go out of his class meeting such high-class ring stars as Mike "Twin" Sullivan, Willie Lewis, Harry Lewis, Joe Wolcott, Rufe Turner, Dave Holly, Jack Blackburn, Joe Grim, and innumerable others," says Leo. We are not in a position to dispute Flynn's assertion, and are forced to concede defeat.

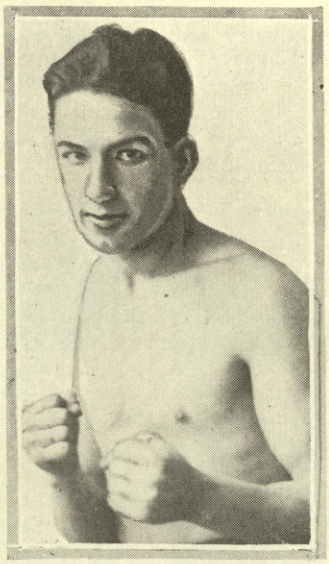
Commissioners Walter Hooke and Tom O'Rourke, are about the two busiest men in boxing circles. At every boxing show they are always found on hand, ready for anything to happen and prepared to meet the worst.

Bobby Barrett, of Philadelphia, proved in his contest with Charley White, of Chicago, that experience is the best teacher. Barrett was receiving plenty of good instruction in his gymnasium workouts, but it takes the actual battle for any signs of improvement. Barrett has had no more than twenty-five ring battles in his career, and was being pushed forward so rapidly that he could not stand the pace. Meeting such men as Tendler and White, is more harmful than not fighting at all, because it destroys all the natural confidence that he may have had in himself, and might have a very bad effect on his future battles.

Barrett who is continually fighting lightweights and being forced to make weight, is not going to get very far. Barrett when down to 135 lbs. is all skin and bones and has no reserve strength to withstand the body punches which he was forced to take. It saps the strength and vitality of a person, and weakens him to such an extent that he no longer is able to put the same pep and energy into his exhibition as previously. Barrett at his best is a 140 pounder and should be fighting at that weight instead of fooling himself in making the lightweight class.

Lew Paluso, the promising featherweight who was brought East by Champion Jack Dempsey, went back home to Salt Lake City, for the summer and will return early in the fall. Paluso boxed here last winter and created a favorable impression for a youngster. He should get plenty of bouts in the future.

Walter "Young" Stribling, of Georgia, who used to fight as a featherweight not so long ago has advanced to a welterweight class. He is desirous of meeting Jack Britton here.



Hyman Gold, whose nom de ring was Jimmy Duffy until a hard-hearted boxing commission ruled otherwise, boxes just as well under his own name

Since Panama Joe Gans has returned from the Coast, his manager, Leo F. Flynn, has received many alluring offers for his return. Five bouts have been offered him. Gans, however, prefers to stay in the east for the next few months as he has just purchased several apartment houses and he claims they need his attention most right now.

Barney Adair, the Irish Welterweight Champion, left for the Pacific Coast on August 14th. Adair has fought the best of them, including Benny Leonard, Jack Britton and Lew Tendler and has never been knocked off his feet.

Phil Bloom, the welterweight sensation of Brooklyn, who boxed Jack Britton five times, Benny Leonard seven times and Ted "Kid" Lewis five times has thrown his hat into the ring again.

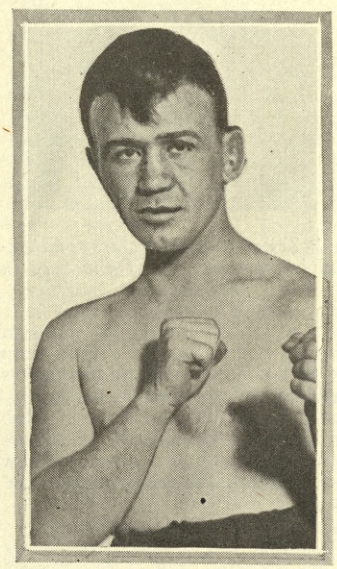
The Dempsey show touring through Canada, consisted of Dempsey and Jack Renault in a three-round exhibition, the rounds being one minute each. Also Stanislaus Zbyszko and George Walker in an exhibition wrestling bout, Bermondsey Billy Wells, Jack Kid Thomas, Frankie Fleming, Frankie Nelson, in exhibitions. There were no real bouts in connection with the show which robbed the attraction of much merit.

Ted Coyne, an amateur lightweight of Toronto, received the decision over Nedder Healey of Halifax at Halifax recently in a three rounder. The judges disagreed and the referee, Tom Foley, gave the award to Coyne.

Kid Dube of Lewiston, Me., is still in Canada. He boxed Young Lewis of Lachine in his last Montreal bout. Dube is becoming a French favorite in the province of Quebec. He is a featherweight.

Johnny McIntyre, welterweight, defeated Howard McRae of Cambridge, Mass., in St. John on July 25. McIntyre hails from Sydney, N. S., and is welterweight champion of the maritime provinces. McIntyre weighed 145 and McRae, 136. The end came in the sixth round when McRae blocked a right hook with his button and hugged the canvas.

The bout was then stopped, as McRae was in no condition to continue. McRae gave McIntyre a hard bout and the end came very suddenly, it being believed that McRae would stick the scheduled ten rounds. Although lacking a punch, McRae traded punches with McIntyre for five rounds, seldom backing up, and taking some hard punches.



Irish Patsy Cline is no stranger to boxing fans. This sterling welterweight is going stronger than ever

In the preliminaries, Bill McHarg and Kid Mose went four rounds, with McHarg having the margin, although the colored boy was tough and game. Bobby Mason was flattened by Earl Penny in the second round of a scheduled six rounder. Jack Sullivan lost to Young Keefe on a foul in the third round, Sullivan having the advantage for most of the bout. Keefe claimed a foul and it was allowed by the referee although ringsiders saw no foul. In the curtain raiser, Young Martin won from Battling O'Neill in the second round. O'Neill suffered from nose bleed and the referee stopped the bout after O'Neill stopped a flock of wallops with his nasal organ, and the flow of blood could not be stopped.

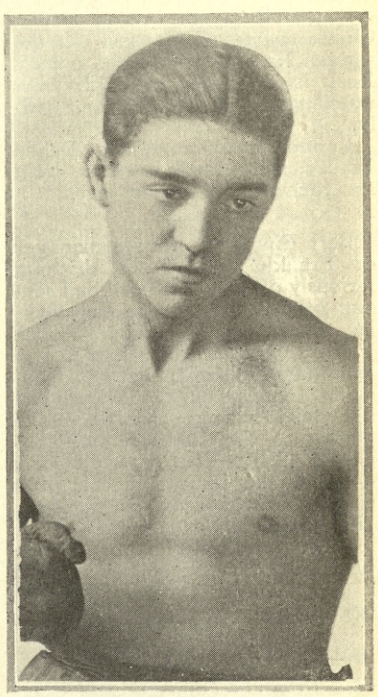
The matchmaker and manager of the show was Bill McNulty, with the following as officials: C. W. Ellsworth, referee; Dr. J. L. Day and Allan Gundry, judges; Martin Dolan and Fred Logan, timers; Sergeant Landry, announcer; James F. McAndrew, Joseph O'Brien, John Dunn, William T. Stack, John Kelly, J. George McDermott, Nicholas Dobbelstein, James L. McNulty, Frank McCabe, Fred Galbraith, William Scott, William McAndrew, Harold McHugh, Daniel McInnis, Harry Garnett, Harold Donovan, John McElhenney, as assistants, on the floor, and at the doors.

The bout between Tommy Willis and Young Dempsey for three rounds was called off and the McHarg and Mose bout substituted owing to Willis making a last minute demand for fifty dollars for a three-round bout. Whereas Young Dempsey was satisfied with twenty-five as originally arranged.

Ira Putnam, a light heavyweight, of Fort Fairfield, Me., who trains on whiskey and cigarettes was to meet Mike Quinn, of Sydney Mines, N. S., in the open air at North Sydney, N. S., in July, but after arriving in North Sydney took a chill in his feet. The climax was in Putnam becoming drunk and staggering through the chief streets of North Sydney. The chief of police chased Putnam out of town two days later. As a fighter Putnam is a good punching bag.

Boxing has been reopened in New Glasgow, N. S., during the summer and shows will be staged at regular intervals in that steel mill and soft coal mining centre of Nova Scotia. New Glasgow should be a favored boxing town.

It is expected that boxing will be going better in Glace Bay, N. S., during the fall and winter than has been the case the past few years.



Sammy Mandell, Rockford High School, Ill., bantam. He gave Joe Burman a great battle at Aurora

In our last issue it was stated that the bout last month between Tommy Mills and Mike Collins resulted in a K. O., Mills winning by a K. O. in the second round. The bout instead was stopped by the officials in the third round because of the uneaveness of the match.

Buffalo Comment

By HUGH SHANNON

Jack Perry, the Pittsburgh welterweight, who is now a Buffalo resident, gave Eddie Shevlin another hard battle at the Arena, Boston, on July 25. Perry lost the decision, but by a close margin. Hub fans want Jack to box for them for he is a big attraction in Beantown. Perry won twice from Shevlin in previous battles last Spring, each time getting the referee's verdict.

Perry is a corking good fighter and always gives the fans 100 per cent. action.

Rocky Kansas is laid up for the Summer with a broken bone in his wrist. Rocky will not engage in any more battles until this Fall when a match with Lew Tendler may be made in Philadelphia or New York. Rocky will undoubtedly box some worthy opponent in Buffalo in October or November. Charlie White and Rocky would be the ideal match for this city.

Charlie Murray's Queensberry A. C. is the only club operating in Buffalo during the hot months. The Q. A. C. staged the Dempsey-Darcy exhibition, which the Boxing Commission ruled was a decision championship fight. The house totaled $6,400 but if the fans knew Champion Jack was going to a decision it would have been twice that.

Dickie Dundee, local bantamweight champion, and K. O. Johnny of Jamestown, N. Y., went ten rounds to a draw.

Benny Ross, the rising young Ghetto champion, knocked out the veteran Nate Lewis in three rounds. Ross is a comer and will bear watching. He is developing rapidly..

In another six-round bout Bobby Tracey and Harry Raynor went six rounds with honors even.

Bert Finch, the rotund manager of Frankie Schoell, is thinking seriously of taking Schoell and several other good boxers and making a trip to Australia. Finch wanted to make this trip for a long time and when he was managing Jimmy Duffy, the Lockport lightweight, he planned to take Jimmy to the land of the Kangaroo. What Duffy would have done to the lightweights in that country would have been plenty. Jimmy was a wonderful fighter.

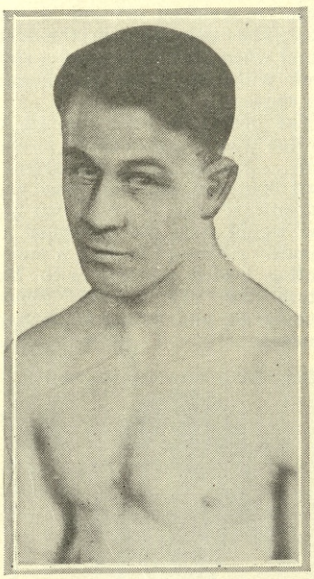
Finch apparently has dug up one just as good in Schoell, who holds a decision over Dave Shade, and is getting better right along.

Dick Loadman's suspension has been lifted in Ohio and the bearcat featherweight is again in good standing in all National Boxing Association cities. It was a rank injustice to suspend Loadman in the first place. He is a willing fighter, always on the square and because he sustained a badly cut eye in his bout with Frush he was accused of stalling. Dick is one fighter who wouldn't know how to stall if he wanted to. If the game had more like him it would be better off.

Tommy Ryan of McKeesport, Pa., considered by many to be America's best bantamweight, is now under the management of Hugh Shannon and is making Buffalo his home. Ryan beat Joe Burman in Louisville and claims popular decisions over Pal Moore, Roy Moore, Eddie O'Dowd, Sammy Sandow, Carl Tremaine, Eddie Coulon and other good ones.

Ryan is only 21 years of age and a sure thing to be a big noise in the bantam ranks this Fall and Winter.

What Buffalo needs most is a small club where the promoters could develop some new talent. It



Carl Tremaine, the classy Cleveland bantam, is one of the aces in his division

costs a lot of money to stage a show in the Broadway Auditorium and as a consequence the promoters must secure boxers of known drawing powers. If a smaller club were going here, running Saturday nights, it would turn out some new faces and this would stimulate the game.

Ted Joyce, the Toronto lad, who has boxed several times in Buffalo is going good. He is down low in weight and boxing at bantamweight again. The kid looks and acts like an embryo champion.

Jimmy Goodrich, who won the decision over Tommy Noble here some weeks ago is a very promising lightweight. Within the last year he has improved with every bout and his best performance was against Johnny Dundee, in Toronto, when he lost a decision by the referee after the judges had disagreed.

Chicago Notes

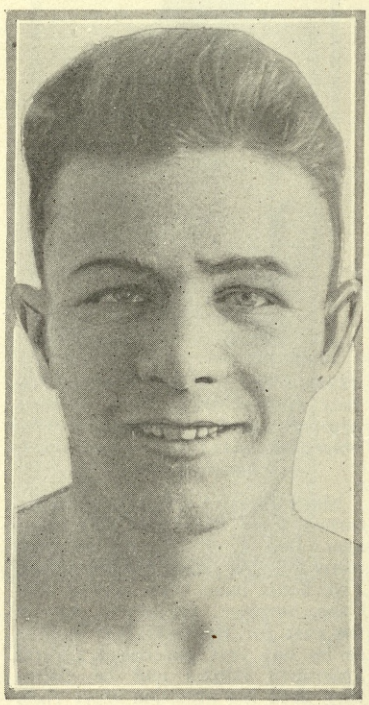
By ART. WINCH

Larney Lichenstein of Chicago, has taken Jimmie Clabby again under his management. Larney handled Clabby when Jimmie was one of the most popular boxers in America. Clabby has been in Australia for the past five years. He has had a couple of bouts on the coast since returning, and now will resume headquarters at his old home in Hammond, Indiana, with Larney at the wheel in Chicago.

Mike Dundee, Rock Island featherweight, who is under the management of Dick Curly, is ready to box Johnny Kilbane or any other leading featherweight in the country. Dundee has beat every featherweight in the middle west. His manager will bring Dundee to New York City. He has received an offer from Tex Rickard for the services of Dundee. Dundee recently beat Joe Burman at Aurora, Ill.

Frankie Welsh, southside welterweight is boxing daily with Charlie White who is teaching Welsh the finer points of the game. White claims Frankie is showing considerable skill.

Joe Burman, the Benny Leonard of the bantams, is getting ready for a busy fall. He has several fights in view. Burman is anxious to box Joe Lynch for the bantamweight championship. He has beaten every top notch bantam in the country, and should be given a chance at the title.



Johnny (Red) Monroe, a crack featherweight from Yonkers, N. Y.

Matchmaker (Tex) Jim Mullen of the Aurora club is after the much sought match between Charlie White and Rocky Kansas for some time this month. This match will draw a capacity house, because every fan around here wants to see this match.

Eddie Mahoney, the Pacific coast welterweight, who was shipped here by Jack Dempsey, returned home to the coast. Mahoney has not reached his full growth, and when he does there will be few around the country who can beat him. Mahoney will rest a few months in the mountains and will return here to meet some local welterweights next fall.

Stanley McBride, Chicago featherweight who is at the present time in Australia, writes that he will be back to Chicago by fall. McBride has made a big name for himself there. He beat the tough Packey McFarland.

Bob Moha, Milwaukee caveman battler, and his manager, Vincent Moha, have started a campaign to force some of the big fellows into a match. Vin has had printed flaming posters with Bob's picture as the Roman gladiator. He tells the world why he is the greatest 165 pounder in the world. Bob offers to fight any man from 165 to 250 and will get backing for $10,000 or more that he can whip any one of them up to 170 pounds in a twenty-round battle. Just now he seeks a meeting with Champion Harry Greb, Bartley Madden, Tommy Gibbons, Gene Tunney.

Babe Asher, A. E. F. Bantamweight Champion, who is under the management of Eddie Brooks, is now making Grand Rapids his home. Asher is boxing better than ever. He is kept quite busy. Manager Brooks says that Babe is now in line for a match with Champion Joe Lynch and that Denver is after such match.

Frankie Jummati, West Side rugged fighter, who has boxed every good bantam in the middle west, has opened up a billiard hall and is doing fine business. Jummati will start boxing again in the fall, as his manager has lined up several matches for him.

Willie Green, featherweight formerly of Chicago, now making Louisville his home, writes that he is boxing better than ever. He recently beat Tommy Ryan there, and now is after a match with Burman, Dundee or Sammy Mandell.

New England Notes

By BILL McNULTY

Eddie Shevlin turned the tables on Jack Perry of Pittsburgh in a Boston bout, Shevlin receiving the decision. Shevlin had the margin all the way. A few weeks previously, Perry received the decision over Shevlin in Boston and prior to that the pair were in an unsatisfactory bout in Worcester.

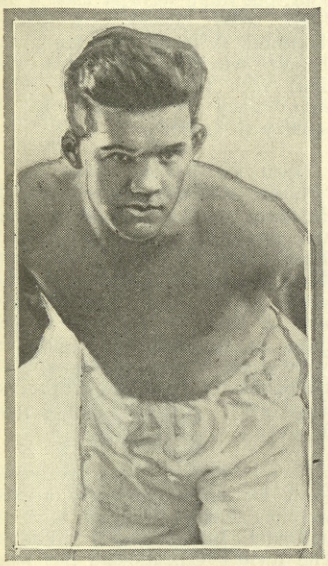
None of the heavies seem anxious to mix with Billy Miske of St. Paul. Boston matchmakers have been angling for the services of Bill Brennan and Harry Greb to box Miske but both have placed the St. Paul heavy in the undesirable class, evidently Miske is going fairly good just about now.

The Massachusetts commission reinstated Johnny Wilson, and now Wilson's manager, Marty Killilea, expects to pit him against some of the New England middles during the fall. Likely, George Robinson the ebony hued boxer from the classic confines of Cambridge will be chosen as one of the sacrifices. But Robby denies vigorously he is a sacrifice. Although he has gone back considerably the past few years he can still be depended on to furnish an interesting bout for Wilson or any of the topliners.

Jack Dempsey performed in three places in Maine, Portland, Bangor and Fort Fairfield. And just think, the population of Fort Fairfield is about five thousand. A small town on the Canadian border, and yet it books Dempsey's show when larger cities go without. In

addition to the Dempsey exhibition several real bouts were presented. Fort Fairfield has seen boxing shows for the past few years. Cleveland Johnny Downes has boxed there three times since last winter, stopping Ira Putnam, besting Jimmy Farren and being outpointed by Mike Paulson.

Eddie Tremblay, Boston light heavyweight, has been spending most of the summer and early fall in Maine, living at Bangor. He

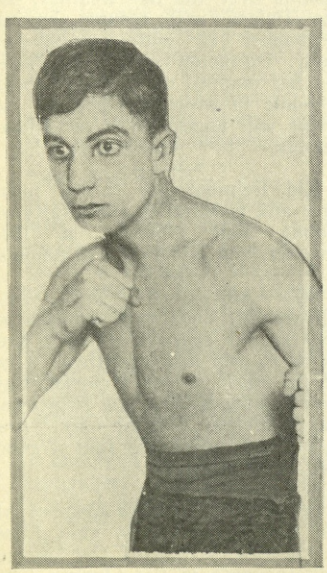


Frankie Welch is one of the cleverest welters ever developed in Chicago. He soon is to invade New York City to show his wares

has been boxing quite frequently at South Brewer, Ellsworth and other Maine centres. He appeared in a real bout at the Dempsey show when it showed in South Brewer in the open air.

At Houlton, Me., Johnny McIntyre, of Sydney, N. S., beat Tommy Early, of Lawrence, in double six. McIntyre and Sailor Gibbs, of Boston, boxed at Presque Isle, in August.

Seems to be a case of in again out again with Jimmy Fruzetti, of Brockton, and the New England lightweight title. Fruzetti is back again on top and if he continues



Harold Smith is a Chicago bantamweight who has attracted a good deal of attention recently

going good, will take some beating to dethrone him.

Billy Myers, who was boxing when some of the present day lightweights were at the business end of a milk bottle, is in the ring again. Myers is tough and no error, but he has been in many hard conflicts, and they do h m no good.

Jack McClelland, who came to Boston from Texas two years ago, is still in Boston, and likes the ethereal atmosphere about the city of beans and culture. McClelland is a middleweight battler who is tough and makes the going hard for most of the middleweights about New England.

Art Magirl, veteran middleweight from Oklahoma, who has been making his headquarters in Boston for the past seven years, has not been heard from for some time. Magirl has been working as a railroad fireman. He went to Buffalo for a few weeks but soon drifted back to the Hub. It seems Magirl cannot linger long away from the dear old Boston. As he is today, Magirl is a three-round battler. He can show some fast stunts for that distance but beyond the number three his stamina will not carry him. Twelve years ago, Magirl was boxing some of the best welters in the country—and the city too.

K. O. Muggsy of Boston, a welterweight who was a knockout wizard for a short time, has gone into the discard. Since he was so easily beaten by the veteran Tommy Kloby Sorcoran in Mechanics Building, Boston, Muggsy has lost interest in the ring and the few bouts he has been in since have been very disappointing.

New Orleans News

By FRED DIGBY
New Orleans Item

A 12-round battle with Billy Miske in Denver and a 15-round battle with Charlie Weinert in New Orleans, both in the space of ten days, was the task successfully accomplished by Marty Burke recently. The battle with Miske was a humdinger and the Weinert affair set the local bugs daffy.

Never has Burke shown so much stuff as he did against the Newark Adonis and the draw decision by Slim Brennan merely whetted the appetite of the Irishman for another smack at Weinert. Negotiations are now under way for a return match in Newark. It wouldn't go here as nearly everyone, excepting Brennan, agreed as to Burke's superiority.

Just who will be next for Burke is the question. As usual the promoters are picking tough ones but the one who lands Bill Brennan is the one that will get Marty's signature as well as his thanks. For two years it has been Burke's ambition to meet Big Bill and he also wants a chance to even things with Bob Martin and Gene Tunney, but none of the trio can be induced to come South.

Happy Littleton's injured hands were just beginning to mend in good shape when another accident, during swimming—a favorite sport of the popular local middleweight—sent him scurrying to the doctor again. It is now extremely doubtful if Littleton will start before the Fall season is under way.

It is almost impossible for a fighter to retire and stay in retirement. Pete Herman, ex-bantamweight champion, announced his retirement from the ring and his start in a business enterprise here. Now it is being wafted about that Herman is contemplating a "come back." Maybe Joe Lynch's defeat of Johnny Buff has given Pete the hunch that he can regain the bantam crown for the second time.

Promoters of contests between colored battlers expect to bring Harry Wills here for a series of 15-round battles. Wills is a native of this city and first broke into the boxing game at the old Northside arena. It has been some time since the Black Panther has appeared here and his return, in view of the talk of a Dempsey-Wills match, would be the signal for a record turnout of fans.

The news that Walk Miller is hopeful of having boxing legalized in the state of Georgia is interesting to local battlers and should be to boxers everywhere. Atlanta is chock-full of sportsmen and will support any good show to the limit. There are other good boxing towns in Georgia, not the least of these being Macon where W. A. "Pa" Stribling has performed wonders. "Pa" has a very promising battler in his son, Young Stribling, who recently defeated that smart and clever veteran, Jake Abel.

Red Dolan has returned to Los Angeles and the four-round game. Jack Russo, who will be remembered by Philadelphia fans, and his lil' brother Mike, a flyweight, have also gone to the Golden West.

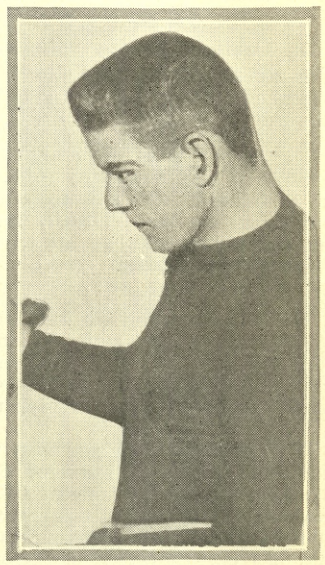
Joe Matranga is on the right track now and if he isn't again overmatched will develop into a good lightweight. Matranga was coming to the front in good style in 1921 but was sent against Babe Herman in one of the preliminaries to the Dempsey-Carpentier contest and stopped in five rounds. Other reverses followed. Now Joe seems to be headed for stardom again.

Cards of several six- and ten-round battles at cheap prices are making a tremendous hit with local fans. The boxers welcome the new venture also as the extreme warm weather makes training for and travelling 15 and 20 rounds a severe strain. The youngsters are showing much improvement through regular work and the promoters will have a few new fan favorites to use this Fall.

Alex Greggains passed through the city en route to his home in California. Alex was East with Floyd Johnson, a heavyweight, but business affairs at home required his attention. He left Johnson in the East as the big fellows aren't getting much attention from promoters on the Pacific Coast.

While the promoters are searching around for opponents for Dempsey they shouldn't forget to stop in at St. Paul, Minn., the home of Billy Miske. The champion won't find it as easy beating Billy now as he did at Benton Harbor. If there ever was anything like a real "come back" Billy Miske is IT. This is the view of fans here who saw Miske in action against Burke.

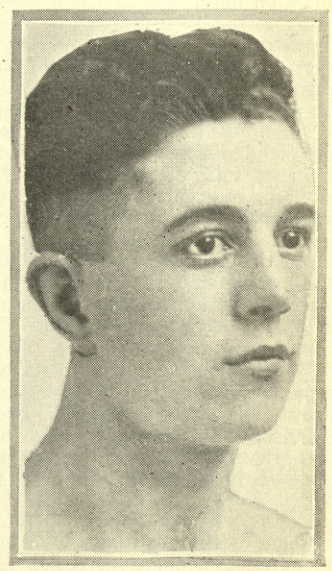
It is also Burke's view and as Marty has been associated with



Gene Tunney, New York light heavyweight who is making a sensational comeback. He expects soon to meet Harry Greb in another title bout

Dempsey as sparring partner ever since Jack first became prominent his opinion is worthwhile.

Young McGovern, local lightweight, is a prime favorite with boxing fans in Havana, Cuba. Mac usually goes down for a series of three or four battles and then returns home. After lingering around the old fireside for a week or two Mac gets the C-U-B-A fever again and away he goes. The boxing game is very good in Havana for those managers and fighters who "know the ropes" and can spill a little of the Lingo.



Willie O'Connell, a clever and hard hitting New York fighter. He is piling up a big string of victories

Timely News from the Pacific Coast

By GEORGE HUSSEY

Judging from the crowds at the various fight clubs about the bay, the four-round game is again going at top speed. There are what we can call big fight cards three times a week in the bay district, with the Association Club thrown in for good measure. And each one of these clubs is playing to capacity.

In Oakland Tommy Simpson, with less stringent regulations than in San Francisco as to the personnel of the boxers he is permitted to use, has been staging some really strong cards. It is surprising the number of San Francisco followers of the sport who will make the trip across the bay. Usually they are entertained with an attractive evening's amusement.

The Observatory Club has been offering diversions with the importation of some of the Southern California boxers, not a few of whom are really good scrappers.

It is strange, when you stop to think of it, what a burst of enthusiasm follows the advent of a boxer like Young Friedlander, who, until he met up with Jimmy Marcus, has been bowling his opponents over with delightful regularity.

The fans certainly do love a knockerout.

And that's about all that Friedlander can claim. He has a punch and if he lands there is usually plenty of trouble in sight. But Friedlander is lacking in courage and once he was stung good and plenty by Marcus he kept away.

The swingers and not the clever boxers just the same have the right of way with the fans.

Malatesta has been making headway with his Thursday night Arcadia fights. The crowds have been increasing with stronger cards from week to week and there is no reason why he shouldn't do well.

Jess Willard is fast getting into condition here.

Australia is still after our boys. They have taken two more of the coast boys on that long trip, with the promise of big money for their services. Bill McCann the crack Cleveland lightweight who made the trip, told the writer that the best an American boy can get over there is the worst. You can knock one of their champions down a dozen times in twenty rounds and that goes against you for the referee sees nobody but the home talent.

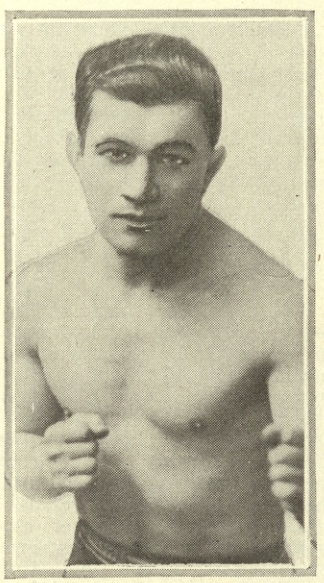
Jimmy Clabby is trying to stage a come back. He is boxing around Seattle and doing fairly well, Fred Windsor, his manager, tells me that Jimmy will again be at the head of the class. More power to him.

Some of the local boys who had hard times winning here are doing well up around San Francisco. The latest to win fame is Jack Spar. He beat their best boy, Eddie Diggins, in four rounds recently.

Little Danny Kramer, who lost a tough fight to Young Brown, recently, is anxious for a return bout. It is possible they will meet in the near future as they put up one of the best fights seen here in many a day.

The wrestlers have blown in town again. The troop seems to make the rounds about this time each year, and every one is a champion.

There is one crack welterweight in Southern California who would make it hot for any of the 140-pounders browsing around this section. George Lavigne is the young fellow's name, and he is the owner



Jack Wolf, the Cleveland bantamweight, whose bouts in New York City have been the sensation of the pugilistic world this summer

of an imposing record with wins over some of the best in the country. He fought Dave Shade a tough battle a short time ago. Lavigne, as good as he has fought in L. A. rings of late, is unable to secure a scrap.

"Ike" Mendoza, the North Beach letter-writing champion, has a fine gymnasium located in the Italian quarter. Mendoza has fitted up a nice place at 1365 Grant avenue, San Francisco, and he has many boys working there daily. Also, Ike says that he has a very promising prospect in Ray Cooper, a featherweight, who scored a knockout over at Al Young's palace of swat a week ago. "Cooper is green, but is game and can sock" says Ike, which is enough.

Battling Savage, the big southern heavyweight, has been matched to fight Sam Langford, the "Boston Tar Baby," at Tia Juana on the 4th of September. It will be a ten round battle to a decision.

Eddie Doody, local featherweight, is in Los Angeles looking for bouts. Doody made a big hit with the southern California fight fans a couple of weeks ago, when he won from a featherweight in a couple of punches.

A lightweight named Ad Mackie has arrived in Southern California from Portland. Mackie claims to have won over Freddy Williams, Lackey Morrow, Mike De Pinto and a great number of other boys in the Northwest. He is seeking trouble for he has asked the Southern promoters for Young Brown, Benny Vierra and Danny Kramer.

It is hinted around that Al Kaufman, one of the greatest heavyweights developed on the Pacific Coast, has gone into active training with the hopes of soon entering the squared circle again, presumably across the bay. Kaufman is fastly working himself back into shape at a local gymnasium and is said to have little superfluous flesh.

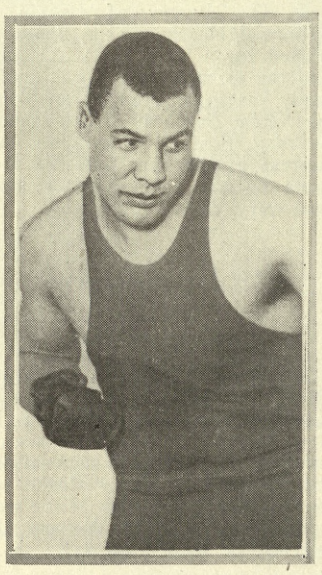
Frank Crowley, wideawake matchmaker of the south, spent a few days in Frisco recently. Crowley is the Tex Rickard of California.

Fighters here are just crazy about THE RING, America's Foremost Boxing Magazine. The writer is the exclusive agent for this magazine here. Three months ago he ordered 15 for this burg. Last month he sold 400 and before the fall is over 1,000 will be the minimum.

Philadelphia Gossip

By ROSS E. KAUFMAN
Philadelphia North American

Wherever Philadelphia fight fans congregate they are still discussing the Tendler-Leonard battle. There are just as many Philadel-



Bill Tait needs no introduction. The big fellow carries a wicked punch and is always ready to deliver it

phians who think that Tendler won from Leonard as there are Leonard selections. Five of the six Philadelphia papers gave Leonard the decision and one came out for Tendler. One thing is certain. If these two star lightweights are matched again there will be another big Philadelphia turnout. All agreed that the Jersey City battle was chuck full of action.

Since showing so well against Harry Greb, Tommy Loughran, the South Philadelphia middleweight, has been besieged with offers and it looks like a busy winter for the St. Monica star. Loughran is surely the best middleweight developed in the Quaker City in many years.

Manager Eddie Stanton, who looks after Willie Green, has taken his Kensington battler out through the west. Green stopped Jack Lewis in the ninth round of a bout in Louisville some time ago and made a big hit in that city. Green will be back in Philadelphia the middle of September and Stanton has mapped out a busy campaign for him.

Philadelphia boxing fans did not plunge on the Tendler-Leonard bout, but there were at least a half dozen who cleaned up several thousand dollars by betting that Tendler would go the twelve-round limit with the lightweight champion. They are willing to bet the same way again.

Open air boxing went big in "Phillie" this summer, judging by the many smaller clubs that sprung up. Aside from the big shows at the Phillie's Park and Shibe Park, the Cambria in Kensington, Columbia A. C. in the northwestern part of the city and one or two clubs in South Philadelphia enjoyed good houses. Although run independently, the bouts at the National A. C. also enjoyed a good following.

Benny Berrish has recovered from his recent stomach ailment and has started training with his stallmate Eddie (Kid) Wagner. The former Chicago lad has made a hit in Phillie.

No one can accuse Bobby Barrett, the Clifton Heights, Pa., mauler, of picking soft ones. Manager Jimmy Daugherty lined him up against Lew Tendler, Joe Welling and Charlie White in a row. Facing three lightweights like that is no soft assignment. Barrett came through impressively when he outpointed Welling over the eight round limit at Shibe Park.

Harry Gimbel, after appearing in one or two more amateur bouts, intends to turn professional. During the summer months he did considerable of his training near Doylestown.

After being closed for several months over the hot weather, the Ice Palace will resume boxing September 11 with an all-star show. Promoter George W. Pawling has mapped out a busy winter schedule in which the best of the talent will appear in West Philadelphia.

Kid Belmont has turned manager and is handling the affairs of Young Kid Norfolk, a 160-pounder, and Kid Fox, 120 pounds.

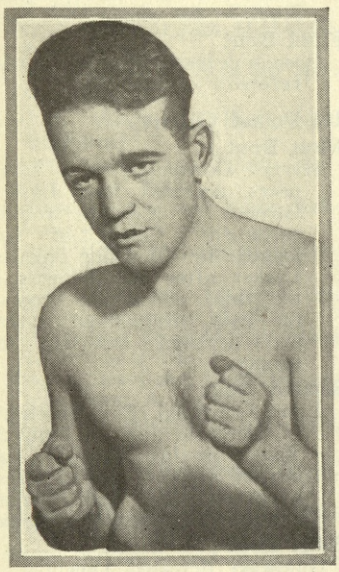
Billy Angelo, the York, Pa., lightweight, finds time enough in between his spare iron trade moments to win now and then. One of his most recent victories was over Johnny Krause, the Nicetown, Pa., fighter at Atlantic City. Angelo always gives the fans a good run for their money.

Wally Hinckle, fifth member of the Hinckle family to gain fame in the ring, is one of the leading welterweights in the Quaker City and is out for the state title. The Grays Ferry fighter has made an impressive record in the last few years.

When Johnny Wilson, the side-stepping middleweight champion, turned down a $10,000 offer to meet Tommy Loughran, South Philadelphia middleweight, at a local ball park in August, promoters were left in somewhat of a jam, as they thought the big offer would surely interest the Boston entrant.

Jack Freedman, Phil Glassman's hight-hand bower, may soon tour the West with a string of fighters, namely: Harry "Kid" Brown, Patsy Wallace, Johnny Gill and Joe Tiplitz. Their itinerary extends clean across to the Pacific Coast, where Danny Kramer, crack southpaw bantam, will join the troupe.

Joe Nelson, Philadelphia's bantam contender, is in strict training for a busy winter. Nelson is the lad who flattened Frankie Jerome, of New York, here in a round last year.



Young Leonard, of Winnipeg, is one of the best boys the Dominion has developed in a long time

Jimmy Trainor, local sportsman, who has taken Joe Welsh, local welterweight, under his wing, is ready to post any amount to bind a match with Champion Jack Britton. Welsh has fought Benny Leonard twice, Irish Patsy Cline, Jack Perry, of Pittsburgh, Bryan Downey, and has always given a good account of himself.

An offer for three fights in England has been tendered Bobby Barrett, whose terrific punching powers has made him the most feared lightweight in the game, and his manager, Jimmy Dougherty, is seriously considering taking his protege across the pond. At present Tom Andrews, Milwaukee boxing promoter, is trying to clinch a match between Barrett and Tommy O'Brien, Milwaukee's new fistic sensation, and the match may be arranged for the first week in September. All this despite the fact that Barrett has been flattened by both Tendler and Charley White.

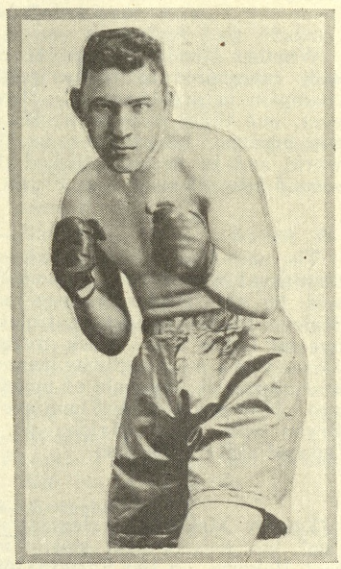
Herman Hindin, local manager of boxers, has been appointed matchmaker of the Columbia A. A., a new boxing club staging open air shows here. Hindin knows the game from A to Z and backward and should make a success of the venture.

After watching Lew Tendler battle Champion Benny Leonard at Jersey City, Joe Tiplitz, stablemate of Tendler, known here as "Iron Joe," implored his manager, Phil Glassman, to try and secure him a crack at the champion. "You know I have never as yet met with decisive defeat," said Tiplitz, "and I don't think Leonard could stop me. Nothing would please me better than to meet the champion, and the fans may rest assured that he will find me a foeman worthy of his steel."

Western News

By HAROLD WALSH

The Benny Leonard-Ever Hammer bout at Michigan City attracted considerable interest in all sections of the West, and while the majority of the critics picked Leonard as the winner, both fans and writers were glad that Hammer made a good fight of it and was in there at the finish, as Hammer is a fighter who always fights his best.



Frankie Keenan hails from Inwood, N. Y. He is a hard-hitting welterweight and a comer

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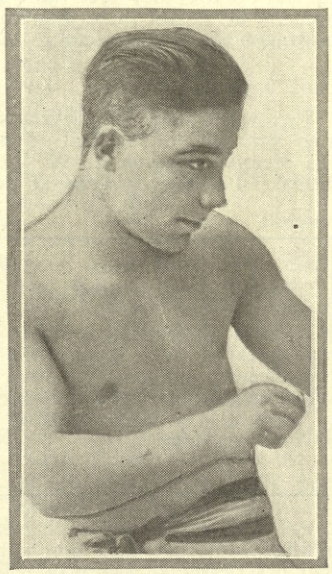
Jimmy Dunn and his hustling secretary, Parson Tom McGinty, are all excited over their wonderful bantam, Carl Tremaine. Carl has surely been boxing in wonderful form. He gave Terry Martin quite a trouncing up in Providence recently, and now the rumors have it that Carl and Champion Joe Lynch will soon hook up in a 12-round no-decision bout at North Randall race track near Cleveland. Eddie Meade and his boy are very popular in this section and the bout would draw a big gate.

Johnny Kilbane has Alex Hart, Al Zeimer and other members of his stable in training at his summer home on Lake Erie near Lorain. Alex trimmed Billy McCann at Lorain in a recent bout of ten rounds. Alex won handily, and Killy's protege is showing better form each time out. He boxed around Philly last winter, meeting Lew Tendler, George Chaney, Johnny Salvatore and others.

Harry Krohn, the Akron Thunderbolt, and Tommy Robson of Malden fought a sensational battle at Youngstown recently in which Robson was credited with stopping Krohn in the eighth round. The boys stood toe to toe for seven rounds with honors even and Krohn beginning to forge ahead. Tommy socked a right and left to the jaw late in the eighth round. Krohn was unhurt and straightened up and bored in.

Robson hooked his right around Krohn's neck and wrestled Harry to the floor. Krohn went to his knees and was up at three and then started down again to take the nine-second rest. He missed the count and scrambled to his feet at ten instead of nine and the fight was over. Akron promoters have been after Tommy to meet Harry again, but at the present writing Tommy has failed to answer wires. The Krohn-Robson fight was voted the most sensational battle fought in Northern Ohio in years, and promoter Mick Stambaugh is planning to use both fighters in future bouts.



Frankie Jummati is a Chicago bantam who has earned much praise by his work in the ring

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This welterweight Denny O'Keefe of Chicago is making rapid strides in the ring game. Denny is a product of the Great Lakes Naval Training School and did not enter the ring until he enrolled there as a sailor. After the war he entered the professional ring and has fought the best in the country and but three fellows have been able to whip him, and they are Jack Britton, Dave Shade and Pinky Mitchell.

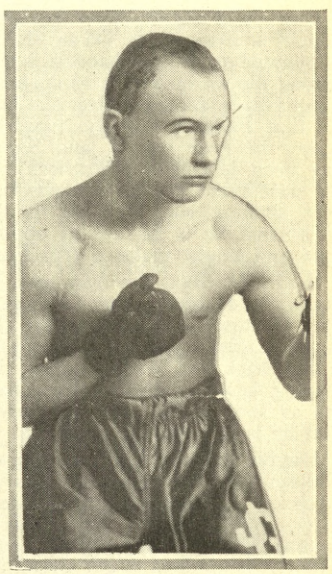
He has twice boxed draws with Johnny Griffiths and has defeated Young Denny, Steve Choynski, Charley McCarthy, Navy Rostsan, Eddie Fitzsimmons, Harry Silva, Paul Doyle, Morrie Schlaifer and many others. He knocked out Eddie Welch in his last start in two rounds in the semi-final to the Rocky Kansas-Benny Leonard bout at Michigan City.

Willie Devore, Akron 122-pounder, who fought a draw with Joe Lynch before Joe became champion, and has defeated Jack Wolfe, Jabez White, Dick Loadman and many others, is back in the game again after four months' absence. He recently defeated Patsy Flannigan of Youngstown in ten rounds at Niles, O. Willie has a number of good fights on.

Eddie Anderson is cutting quite a few capers out West, and recently fought a pair of sensational battles at Davenport, Iowa, with Pal Moore, winning one bout and losing one. Curley Anderson is seeking battles with the best for his brother.

Billy Shade of New York and Harry Krohn may hook up in the semi-final to the Jack Dempsey-Bill Brennan fight at Michigan City, Labor Day, according to word received from Leo Flynn, the Silver King.

Norm Genet, Akron welterweight, has been making rapid strides of late in and around Akron. Genet is a rough, tough, slam-bang performer and has won the majority of his ring battles. When not boxing, Genet operates a gymnasium and is also a professional football star.



Johnny Gunning is a 128-pound boxer of New York City who bars no one at his weight

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Leo Flynn's great stable of mitt stars is very popular with Western promoters, for they know they can secure men of every weight from Leo and also that his terms are always reasonable. They also know that Flynn's men do not pick opponents, but fight them all, no matter how tough they are.

Hardly a week goes by that some of Leo's brigade is not billed in this section. Dave Shade is the most popular, and his battles out here with Jimmy Jones, Billy Ryan, Denny O'Keefe and others have all been real good, hard-fought battles. Leo has quite a few Western fighters in his line-up, including Bill Brennen of Chicago, Dave, George and Billy Shade of Frisco, Clem Johnson of California, Jack Reeves of Frisco, Clonie Tait of Seattle, Phil Salvatore of Los Angeles, Tony Caponi of Rock Island, Lew Palso of Salt Lake City and Roy Moore of St. Paul.

Western promoters, including Tom Andrews, Matt Hinkel, Tommy McGinty, Frank Mulkern, Jimmy Delaney, Billy Hoke, Jack Reddy, Ray Bronson, Charley George, Frank Rappold, Harry Sully, Jimmy Shea, Add Thacher, Biddy Bishop and others in various cities around the circuit are lining up fall cards and it looks like a busy season.

Kansas City Gossip

Curley Smith is being hailed as the most sensational fighter seen here in many moons. Curley has compiled a most impressive record, scoring thirty knockouts in sixty battles. He scales only 152 pounds, but has gone out of his class repeatedly to fight middleweights. He has knocked out such good men as Frankie Mantell (twice) and Pat Walsh, and is the only man who ever scored a knockout over Young Fitzsimmons. It is very likely that he will come East this winter, and, if he does, will be a hard man to beat.

Cowboy Padgett, who recently fought a draw with Dave Shade, is reputed to be the hardest hitter among the welterweight ranks here. Dave Shade declared after the battle that Padgett was the toughest fellow he ever fought, and Shade has been boxing top-notchers for the past three years. Padgett has been making such trouble in the West that he is all out of opponents and might make a trip East.

Willie Meehan, the only man to obtain a decision over Champion Jack Dempsey, has declared for the 'steenth time that he is attempting a comeback and will go after the leading heavyweights of the country as soon as he satisfies himself that he is in first-rate condition.

Hughie Walker, the Iron Man of Kansas City, who fought Harry Greb in Pittsburgh immediately after Greb won the light heavyweight championship from Gene Tunney, is anxious to get Greb into the ring again. He thinks he can do better against Greb now than in their first battle.

Neil Allison, local welterweight, is going out after bigger game. Having fought all the talent that could be obtained in this vicinity, he will attempt bigger things and tackle the leading fighters from all over the country. He recently fought Pinkey Mitchell of Milwaukee.

Ray Alvis, of Kansas City, is going to gather an aggregation of ring men who will command attention from all the leading lights in the Middle West. At the present time he has under his wing Cowboy Padgett, welterweight; Curley Smith 152-pound boy, and Willie Meehan, who is going to make his home in Kansas City. Ray can be reached at 3025 Euclid avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

J. J. Thomas, another ambitious fight manager, who has quite a stable of mitt wielders, headed by Hughie Walker, heavyweight, has his headquarters in K. C. He has helped to keep the city on the map pugilistically.

Cleveland Notes

By ROY CAMPBELL

Last December chroniclers of the doings of fisticuffians penned the pugilistic obituaries of as clever a little fellow as ever wielded a pair of Sol Levinson's gloves — Jack Wolfe of Cleveland. Jack had been horribly mangled in an automobile accident and the learned men of medicine opined he would be a cripple for life—in the very doubtful event he lived. As for boxing again, such a thing was preposterous.

But Wolfie fooled 'em. Three months ago he started training for a comeback. After engaging in several unimportant bouts he was matched to box Frankie Jerome, Billy Gibson's unbeaten bantamweight, at Tex Rickard's Velodrome in New York City.

Jerome got the jump on Wolfe and knocked him down repeatedly in the first round. The outlook for the little gamester was decidedly dreary, but he managed to stick the twelve rounds. As a matter of fact, he outfought Frankie in some of the latter rounds.

No boxer who has appeared in a metropolitan ring in years made the hit Wolfe did. He was far greater in defeat than he could have possibly been in victory.

* * *

Two weeks later the Clevelander was matched to box Pal Moore, the Memphis enigma, at the Velodrome. Pal was favorite at prohibitive odds, but Jack outpointed him practically all the way. The judges ruled the affair a draw, but the New York *Evening World,* in commenting on the verdict, said: "Jack Wolfe was the victim of one of the rawest decisions ever handed out when his bout with Pal Moore was called a draw."

* * *

The following week Wolfe boxed Jerome again at the Velodrome. Frankie ruled favorite at odds of 2½ to 1, but Jack handed him a sound thumping in one of the most ferocious scraps seen in many, many moons.

Now Wolfe is Gotham's fistic idol. He is practically matched to battle Joe Lynch for the bantam title at the opening show of the Madison Square Garden next month.

Make no mistake, Jack has a mighty good chance to dethrone Joe.

* * *

They have met four times and Jack has won three of the bouts. He has also beaten three other champions, namely, Ertle, Williams and Herman. Jack also boasts of victories over Joe Burman, Jack Sharkey, Danny Frush, Charlie Beecher, Terry Martin, "Pewee" Kaiser, Terry McHugh and others of lesser prominence. His fifteen-round battles with Andy Chaney and Carl Tremaine were called draws, but the scribes said he was robbed in each instance.

* * *

Johnny Dundee's victory over Danny Frush was quite a blow to Cleveland fans. Everyone who saw Danny battle Johnny Kilbane here last summer expected him to take the Miracle Man over the hurdles.

However, after sending the hopes of his backers soaring by punishing the Wonderful Wop in the early rounds, Frush let Johnny take the fight out of his hands, and after being dropped in the eighth round Danny passed out of the picture in the ninth.

* * *

Frush should not take his defeat too much to heart, for he was beaten by as great a boxer as ever lived. Dundee is certainly a worthy successor to Terry McGovern, George Dixon, Abe Attell and other great featherweights of yesterday.

* * *

Whether Dundee will be universally recognized as featherweight champion is problematical. However, one thing is certain. He is the greatest 126-pounder in the world and he certainly licked the second best when he beat Frush.

* * *

The next bout which holds more than usual interest for Clevelanders will be the Bryan Downey-Jock Malone fifteen-rounder at Columbus on Labor Day. Jock treated Downey in a most unclubby manner at Aurora, Ill., a couple of months ago. However, Jimmy Dunn avers Bryan will make Malone do a "spread eagle" this time.

* * *

Tommy McGinty is planning to "sic" his welterweight star, Vincent Pokorni, on the Eastern 145-pounders this winter. Vince is a great crowd pleaser and should make quite a hit in New York. He has beaten Johnny Tillman, Johnny Griffiths, Jack Perry, Frankie Collahan, Phil Bloom and Barney Adair. He also boxed a draw with Lew Tendler.

Managers, Attention!

Send photographs of your boxers to THE RING. We welcome additions to our photo gallery. These will be published in THE RING as space permits.

New York A. C. Amateur Tourney

August 14

Special 118-Pound Class

John Kochansky, Jersey Harriers, defeated Frank Sportelli, Christ Church House A. A.; Sportelli quit after going to his corner at the end of the second round.

110-Pound Class

First Bout

Joseph Maloni, Glencoe A. C., defeated S. Bienfeld, Clark House A. A., 3 rds., judges' decision.

Second Bout

N. Quagliorelli defeated A. Leibowitz, unattached, 3 rds., judges' decision.

Final Bout

Maloni defeated Quagliorelli, 4 rds., referee's decision.

118-Pound Class

First Bout

Wilbur Cohan, unattached, defeated M. Lerner, Rutger's Gymnasium; Lerner was on the verge of collapse after two minutes in the third round, so the referee stopped the bout and declared Cohan the winner.

Second Bout

Paul La Porte, Lane Boys' Club, defeated Leslie Irvine, unattached, 3 rds., judges' decision.

Final Bout

Cohan defeated La Porte, 3 rds., judges' decision.

135-Pound Class

First Bout

B. Bostein, Y. M. H. A., defeated A. O. Palmer, Young Men's Club, 3 rds., judges' decision.

Second Bout

V. Noviello, Bronx Y. M. C. A., defeated H. Polirer, Clark House A. A. Polirer refused to answer the bell for the third round and the referee declared Noviello the winner.

Final Bout

Bostein defeated Noviello, 2 rds., referee's decision.

145-Pound Class

First Bout

Harry Downing, Auto Engineers, defeated Max Lasher, Glencoe A. C.; the referee sustained a claim of foul lodged by Downing against Lasher after two minutes in the third round; he stopped the bout, disqualified Lasher and declared Downing the winner.

Second Bout

Leon Gutowski, Bay Beach A. C., defeated Jack Malmunch, Yager Boxing School. Gutowski scored a clean-cut knockout after one minute and a half in the second round.

Final Bout

Gutowski defeated Downing, 2 rds., referee's decision.

Matranga Coming to Fore

Joe Matranga, New Orleans junior lightweight, is making rapid strides in his campaign for recognition in the division ruled by Johnny Dundee. Following his disastrous battle with Babe Herman in the Carpentier - Dempsey preliminary, Matranga started from the bottom and is now being haled as one of the best boys around the Crescent City at 130 pounds. He has won his last five fights in a row, two by knockouts, and is in general demand around the South.

Matranga is eighteen years of age, intelligent, and has had twenty-nine fights in his career. He won twenty-six, losing to Babe Herman, Kid Koster and Danny Nunez. Of the twenty-six victories, he scored twenty knockouts, quite an enviable record.

The little Crescent City boy is under the management of Cliff Abbo, New Orleans newspaperman, and is trained by Red Walsh, former pilot of Pete Herman and present manager of Basil Galiano, 133-pounder.

Results of Boxing Bouts

JULY

7—Los Angeles (American Legion Stadium):
Jimmy Marcus and Bud Soules, draw, 4 rds.
Sailor Riter knocked out Leo Matlock, 1 rd.
Ad Roubidoux knocked out Frankie Dolan, 1 rd.
Eddie Roberts knocked out Westley Toy, 1 rd.
Young Velardi knocked out Jimmy Murphy, 2 rds.
George Lavigne and Jack Spar, draw, 4 rds.
Eddie Sylvester and Mickey Dempsey, draw, 4 rds.

8—Los Angeles (Doyle's Two Acres):
Danny Kramer knocked out Ed. Red Dolan, 2 rds.
Bert Colina knocked out Billy Gibbs, 2 rds.
Joe Layman knocked out Eddie Gorm, 4 rds.
Willie Hunt and Joe Grim, draw, 4 rds.
Earl Owens and Jack McAuliffe, draw, 4 rds.
Peter Herman knocked out Herrera, 1 rd.

15—Los Angeles (Hollywood Stadium):
Sailor Vincent and Jimmy Marcus, draw, 4 rds.
George Lavigne and Eddie Roberts, draw, 4 rds.
Young Hoppe knocked out Harry Eagles, 1 rd.
Jimmy Hackley knocked out Mickey Dempsey, 4 rds.
Joe Thomas knocked out Sailor Dempsey, 2 rds.
Mike O'Leary and Battling Larson, draw, 4 rds.
Ad. Rany and Young Sol, draw, 4 rds.

17—Brooklyn (Broadway Exhibition Association):
Babe Herman knocked out Billy Henry, 12 rds.
Patsy Mulligan beat Nick Nelson, 10 rds.

17—Jersey City (Oakland A. A.):
Johnny Shugrue beat Elino Flores, 12 rds.
Georgie Lee beat Georgie Brown, 3 rds.

17—Newark, N. J. (Broad A. C.):
Fred Fulton beat Captain Bob Roper, 12 rds.

17—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Indian Russell knocked out Frankie Kramer, 1 rd.
Peter Husic knocked out Willie Mack, 7 rds.

17—Boston, Mass. (Arena A. C.):
Eddie Shevlin beat Jack Perry, 10 rds.
Georgie Robinson beat Jack McClelland, 8 rds.
Wildman Gould beat Mike Paulson, 8 rds.
Charley Parker knocked out Dinny Glynn, 3 rds.

17—Staten Island (Sisco Park):
Jimmy Kelly beat Jay Lanihan, 12 rds.
Scotty Malcolm and Willie Darcy, draw, 8 rds.

17—Winnipeg, Manitoba:
Harry Wills knocked out Jeff Clarke, 3 rds.

17—Houston, Tex.:
Frank Garcia beat Charley Beecher, 12 rds.

18—Los Angeles (Doyle's Two Acres):
Young Brown and Danny Kramer, draw, 4 rds.
Sailor Larry and Goats Lavin, draw, 4 rds.
Young Ketchel and Monk Fowler, draw, 4 rds.
Frankie Jerome stopped Eddie Dugan, 4 rds.
Jack Burns and Peter McCarthy, draw, 4 rds.
Earl Owens and Herb Ryan, draw, 4 rds.
Teddy Bell and Pete Herman, draw, 4 rds.

18—Philadelphia:
Jimmy Mendo beat Benny Vass, 8 rds.
Patsy Broderick beat Eddie Dempsey, 8 rds.
Wally Hinkle beat Young Jack O'Brien, 8 rds.
Tommy Devlin beat Joe Buch, 8 rds.
Young Jack Perry beat Chick Kansas, 8 rds.

18—Columbus:
Johnny Karr beat Jock Malone, 12 rds.
Bud Christiano knocked out Pete Meyers, 3 rds.

18—Milwaukee:
Tommy O'Brien beat Johnny Mendelsohn, 10 rds.
Joey Sanger beat Charles Goodman, 8 rds.

18—Trenton, N. J. (Arena A. A.):
Billy Mascotte beat Sonny Smith, 12 rds.

19—Philadelphia:
Preston Brown beat Johnny Gardner, 8 rds.
Benny Paschal knocked out Harry Burke, 4 rds.

19—Mitchel Field, L. I.:
Frankie Fitzpatrick beat Young Kid Norfolk, 15 rds.

19—Arverne, L. I.:
Pancho Villa beat Frankie Murray, 6 rds.

19—Marion, Ohio:
K. O. Jeakle knocked out Ty Murray, 4 rds.
Johnny Gerry beat Jakey Meilman, 8 rds.
Jack Ross and Harry Forbes, draw, 8 rds.

19—Fort Sheridan:
Bud Grieger beat Kid Palco, 8 rds.
Jack Stein and Toots Cummings, draw, 8 rds.
Stanley Joez and Kid Yeager, draw, 4 rds.

19—Columbus, Ohio:
Johnny Karr beat Jock Malone, 12 rds.
Bud Christiano knocked out Pete Meyers, 3 rds.

19—Milwaukee:
Johnny Mendelsohn beat Tommy O'Brien, 10 rds.
Jack Schoendorf beat Tommy Neary, 8 rds.
Joey Sanger beat Charley Goodman, 8 rds.
Sammy Craden knocked out Lou Stanley, 3 rds.

19—San Francisco:
Jimmy Duffy beat Frankie Farren, 4 rds.
Sunny Jim beat Jack Inman, 4 rds.

19—El Rio:
Young Farrell knocked out Ralph Morrocco, 2 rds.

20—New York (102nd Medical Regiment Armory):
Danny Lyon beat K. O. Red O'Neil, 8 rds.
Marty Powell knocked out Soldier McGee, 1 rd.

20—Yonkers (Columbus Sporting Club):
Jack Bernstein beat Freddy Jacks, 12 rds.
Billy Fitzsimmons beat Benny Gould, 8 rds.

20—Orange, N. J.:
Harry Martone and Young Hicks, draw, 12 rds.

20—Youngstown, Ohio:
Pete McCloskey beat Frankie Nessler, 12 rds.
Eddie Wimler beat Louis D'Arco, 8 rds.
Dude Murphy beat Eddie Higgins, 2 rds.
Johnny Moore beat Pete Canall, 6 rds.

21—Coney Island (Surf Avenue A. A.):
Willie Spencer beat Roy Moore, 10 rds.
Willie Herman beat Andy Thomas, 10 rds.
Phil Rosenberg beat Mickey Nelson, 10 rds.
Harry Galfund knocked out Johnny Tobin, 3 rds.
Sid Terry beat Willie Gerber, 6 rds.

21—Rockaway Beach (Steeplechase A. A.):
Marty Cross and Tommy McAleer, draw, 12 rds.
Sammy Stone beat Matty Herbert, 6 rds.
"Irish" Johnny Curtin knocked out Joe Clifford, 7 rds.
Johnny Cole beat Dutch Wallace, 8 rds.
Johnny Dixon beat Tommy Gilmore, 6 rds.
Frank Zuna knocked out Kid Burns, 3 rds.

21—New York (Fifteenth Infantry Armory):
Kid Roux beat Willie St. Claire, 12 rds.
Marty Powell knocked out Kid Connors, 2 rds.

21—Long Branch (Ocean Park A. A.):
Frankie Genaro beat Battling Murray, 12 rds.
Bobby Bolin beat Bobby Walker, 10 rds.

21—Boston:
Jimmy Fruzetti beat Johnny Clinton, 10 rds.
Willie Harmon beat Frankie Quill, 10 rds.
Tony Julian beat Kid Williams, 10 rds.

21—Philadelphia:
Joe Peck Martin beat Tommy Devlin, 8 rds.
Jimmy Tierney knocked out George Delmar, 4 rds.

21—Brownsville:
Snipe Furlong won on a foul from Johnny Donnelly, 9 rds.

21—Hollywood, Cal. (Hollywood Stadium):
Benny Vierra beat Joe Coffey, 4 rds.
Teddy Silvia beat Dick Griffin, 4 rds.
Jimmy Butler beat Jimmy Hackley, 4 rds.
Charlie Sullivan beat Johnny Webber, 4 rds.
George Sherman knocked out Johnny Conde, 2 rds.
Joe Thomas and Willie Hunt, draw, 4 rds.
Texas Kid and Frank Tierney, draw, 4 rds.

22—Long Island City (Queensboro A. C.):
Captain Bob Roper knocked out Eddie Josephs, 2 rds.
Charley Spellman and Johnny Noble, draw, 10 rds.
Billy Moore and Leo Gates, draw 6 rds.
Al Serra beat Phil Decker, 6 rds.
Johnny Green beat Al Tierman, 6 rds.

22—Commonwealth Sporting Club:
Frankie Jerome beat Sailor Harry Gordon, 10 rds.
Willie Davis beat Jack Stark, 10 rds.
George Ciminie knocked out Charlie Shepard, 4 rds.

22—Brooklyn (Ridgewood Sporting Club):
Billy Ryckoff knocked out Happy Gorman, 3 rds.
Scotty Williams beat Johnny Levine, 10 rds.

22—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Benny Vierra beat Joe Coffey, 4 rds.
Teddy Silva beat Dick Griffin, 4 rds.
Jimmy Butler beat Jimmy Hackley, 4 rds.

22—San Francisco, Cal.:
Eddie Diggins and Jack Spar, draw, 4 rds.
Pete Daley beat Young Papke, 4 rds.
Joe Avery beat Vic Moran, 4 rds.
Eddie White and Tommy O'Leary, draw, 4 rds.
Young Hoppe beat Jimmy Kramer, 4 rds.
Young Beezer beat Joe Bailey, 4 rds.

22—Burlington, Iowa:
Sammy Wade beat Johnny Harris, 8 rds.

24—Brooklyn (Broadway Exhibition Association):
Soldier Bartfield beat Phil Krug, 12 rds.
Jimmy Reese beat Willie Conway, 6 rds.
Jimmy Ryder beat Eddie Clifford, 6 rds.
Bobby Graham and Jimmy Price, draw 6 rds.
Jimmy Pantano beat Johnny Curry, 4 rds.

24—Freeport, L. I. (Freeport Auditorium):
Sid Bernard and Patsy Philbin, draw, 12 rds.
Andy Tucker knocked out Owen Moran, 1 rd.
Frank Evans quit to Young Wallace, 1 rd.
Joe Betri beat Johnny Celmar, 4 rds.

24—Baltimore:
Joe Berrell and Jim Holland, draw, 8 rds.
Joe Dundee beat Harry Rice, 8 rds.
Ralph Betman beat Lew Dempsey, 8 rds.
Little Jeff beat Johnny Royce, 8 rds.

24—Philadelphia (Shibe Park):
Bobby Barrett beat Joe Welling, 8 rds.
Eddie Fitzsimmons beat Earl France, 8 rds.
Ad Stone knocked out Eddie Hayes, 4 rds.
K. O. Joe O'Donnell knocked out Frankie Conway, 8 rds.
Kid Wagner beat Sammy Seiger, 8 rds.

24—New Orleans:
Red Hill beat Red Shannon, 10 rds.
Joe Matranga knocked out Jack Lewis, 10 rds.

24—Indianapolis:
Panama Joe Gans knocked out Jack Blackburn, 4 rds.

24—Columbus:
Pete Hartley and K. O. Mars, 12 rds.

24—Allentown, Pa.:
Jack McCarron beat Sailor Tommy Billiard, 8 rds.
Roddy McDonald beat Young Dip, 8 rds.

24—Toledo:
Joe Lohman beat Homer Smith, 12 rds.
Chuck Byers beat Dave Burke, 8 rds.

24—Lancaster, Pa.:
Leo Houck beat Frankie Britton, 8 rds.

24—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Bobby Wolgast knocked out Nick Brown, 6 rds.
Johnny Gardner beat Pedro Campo, 8 rds.
Eddie Ohs and Jack Bradley, draw, 8 rds.
Billy Waltz beat Jack Lester, 6 rds.
Johnny Callahan quit to Leo Shannon, 4 rds.

24—Mansfield, Ohio:
Joe White knocked out Billy Walsh, 1 rd.
Shine Horvath knocked out Jack Titus, 4 rds.
Al Dundee beat Tommy Kilrain, 8 rds.
Young Malley beat Dutch Boals, 6 rds.

24—Portland, Ore.:
Bobby Haper and Jimmy Sacco, draw, 10 rds.
Abe Mishkind beat Young Sam Langford, 6 rds.

24—Electra, Tex.:
Lee Morrissey knocked out Smiling Blondy Cross, 5 rds.

24—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Bert Colima beat Sailor Larry, 4 rds.
Joe Layman and Frankie Jerome, of Los Angeles, draw, 4 rds.

24—Wichita, Kan.:
Harry Thorpe and Cowboy Padgett, draw, 10 rds.

25—Jersey City (Oakland A. A.):
Abe Goldstein beat Danny Edwards, 12 rds.
Joe Melito beat Sailor Hammer, 10 rds.

25—Newark (Broad A. C.):

25—Providence, R. I.:
Sammy Stone knocked out Eddie Savash, 2 rds.

25—Albany, N. Y. (Knickerbocker A. C.):
Nate Seigel knocked out Vincent Coffey, 4 rds.
Young Rogers beat Joe Hall, 10 rds.
Frankie Denzi and Young Willetts, draw, 6 rds.
Patzy Lee beat Joe Riley, 6 rds.

26—Averne, L. I.:
Jeff Smith knocked out Ray Benson, 1 rd.
Wildcat Nelson knocked out Willie Sherman, 4 rds.

26—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Augie Ratner and Louis Bogash, draw, 12 rds.

27—Jersey City (Boyle's Thirty Acres):
Benny Leonard won by shade from Lew Tendler, 12 rds.
Phil Krug beat Joe Quinn, 7 rds.
Pete Hartley and Mickey Donley, draw, 10 rds.

27—New Orleans:
Young Marullo beat Dummy McKinney, 15 rds.
Kid Mahoney beat Sidney Trombino, 4 rds.
Al Pizzolotto beat Phil Corbett, 4 rds.
Jonas Robinson beat Freddie Brewer, 4 rds.

27—New York (102nd Medical Regiment Armory):
Charlie Picker beat Joey Fox, 12 rds.

27—Providence:
Carl Tremaine beat Terry Martin, 10 rds.

27—France:
Battling Siki knocked out Harry Reeve, 6 rds.

27—San Francisco:
Jimmy Duffy beat Eddie Mahoney, 4 rds.
Jack Reeves beat Ray Pelkey, 4 rds.
Eddie Macey beat Eddie (Kid) Mende, 4 rds.
Joe Roberts beat Sammy Pelsinger, 4 rds.
Al Sange and Bud Soules, draw, 4 rds.
Frankie Oldrich beat Vic Morrison, 4 rds.
Eddie Kelly beat Pete Woods, 4 rds.
Dynamite George beat Al Delman, 4 rds.
Frankie McCann beat Pete Francis, 4 rds.
Bobby Ertle beat Joe Herman, 4 rds.
Dick Wallace beat Eddie Mackey, 4 rds.
Johnny Lamar beat Frankie Duffy, 4 rds.
Tommy Harris beat Frankie Baker, 4 rds.
Scotty Falcon beat Joe Oaks, 4 rds.

28—New York (15th Infantry Armory):
Alex (Kid) Gibbons knocked out K. O. Miller, 5 rds.
Pete Hayes beat Kid Locke, 10 rds.

28—Houston, Tex.:
Johnny Dundee beat Kid Koster, 12 rds.

28—Coney Island (Surf Avenue A. A.):
Pal Moran beat Bobby Michaels, 12 rds.

28—Rockaway Beach (Steeplechase A. A.):
Willie Kohler beat Mickey Brown, 12 rds.
K. O. Phil Kaplan beat Charlie Pitts, 12 rds.

28—Bayonne (Bayonne A. A.):
Willie Herman beat Willie Shaw, 12 rds.

28—Long Branch (Ocean Park A. A.):
Hughey Hutchinson won on a foul from Young Peter Jackson, 6 rds.

28—Buffalo:
Jack Dempsey beat Jimmy D'Arcy, 4 rds (exhibition).

28—San Francisco:
Jimmy Marcus beat Young Friedlander, 4 rds.
Eddie White beat Young Hoppe, 4 rds.
Young Papke beat Jimmy Kramer, 4 rds.
Frank Farrel and Tommy Gardner boxed 4 rds.
Dynamite Murphy beat Joe Avery, 4 rds.
Bert Slipnol beat Al Winters, 4 rds.

28—Oklahoma City:
Charley Fitzsimmons beat Curley Smith, 9 rds.

28—Denver:
Harry Shuman beat Jack Perry, 12 rds.

28—Pawnee, Okla.:
County Boy Lance beat Bobby Corbett, 10 rds.

28—San Francisco:
Wildcat Borba beat Joe Azevdo, 4 rds.
Billy Emmett won from Jimmy Schaffer in the 9th rd.

29—New York (Commonwealth Sporting Club):
Tommy McAleer beat Max Herscovitch, 12 rds.
Willie Harmon knocked out Babe Smith, 9 rds.
Jack Pillou knocked out Billy Clark, 5 rds.

29—Brooklyn (Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club):
Sailor Joe Kelly and Al McRae, draw, 12 rds.
Joe Ritchie knocked out Lew McFarland, 9 rds.

29—Long Island City (Queensboro A. C.):
Sammy Seiger beat Jack Sharkey, 12 rds.
Hilly Levine and Young Ross, draw, 10 rds.

29—Asbury Park, N. J.:
Pancho Villa beat Terry Miller, 12 rds.

31—Brooklyn (Broadway Exhibition Association):
Happy Mahoney beat Nick Foley, 12 rds.
Dutch Brandt knocked out Nick Nelson, 9 rds.
Joe Silvers knocked out Young Perry, 3 rds.
Harry Galfund knocked out Manny Henit, 3 rds.
Joe Beggie knocked out Benny Herne, 6 rds.

31—New Orleans:
Ashton Donza and Joe Cook, draw, 10 rds.
Young Delaney knocked out Bill Carrigan, 2 rds.
Benny Harvey knocked out Freddie Brewster, 4 rds.
Sailor Hennessey beat Al Jochum, 10 rds.

31—Allentown, Pa.:
Johnny Leonard beat Bobby Williams, 10 rds.

31—Youngstown, Ohio:
Tommy Robson knocked out Harry Krohn, 8 rds.
Jimmy Muche and Kid Zeny, draw, 8 rds.

31—Freeport, L. I.:
Frankie Ritchie beat Frankie Brown, 12 rds.
Nick Scanlon beat Paul Clements, 10 rds.
Frankie Wallace beat Johnny Marco, 6 rds.

31—Lancaster, Pa.:
Shamus O'Brien and Tim Droney, draw, 10 rds.

31—Jersey City (Oakland A. A.):
Rocky Smith beat K. O. Phil Kaplan, 12 rds.
Jimmy Kelly beat Harry Martone, 12 rds.

31—Newark (Broad A. C.):
Dave Shade beat Georgie Ward, 12 rds.
Johnny Moore beat Teddy Smacks, 8 rds.

31—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Indian Russell knocked out Young Fitzsimmons, 3 rds.
Harry Grant knocked out Peter Husic, 4 rds.

31—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Billy Angelo beat Johnny Krause, 8 rds.
Benny Bass beat Marty Burns, 8 rds.
Eddie Boyle quit to Jack Darcy, 7 rds.
Jack Dillon beat Spike Boyer, 6 rds.
Benny Pascall beat Whitey Burke, 6 rds.

31—Toledo:
Jack Barry beat Joe Schwartz, 12 rds.
Joe Ertle and Andy Parker, draw, 8 rds.

31—Cncinnati:
Speedy Sparks beat Henry Melcor, 10 rds.
Joe Mara beat Vic Ross, 4 rds.
Gene Larue lost on foul to Spider Lewis, 4 rds.

31—Akron, Ohio:
Benny Levy and Frank Susnell, draw, 10 rds.
Paul Girard beat Jimmy Dacey, 8 rds.
Young Jabs beat Joe Grimm, 8 rds.

AUGUST

1—Brooklyn (Ebbets Field):
Vincent (Pepper) Martin beat Kid Sullivan, 12 rds.
Midget Smith beat Frankie Coster, 12 rds.
Pancho Villa beat Johnny Hepburn, 6 rds.
Weldon Ring and Jackie Norman, draw, 6 rds.
Augie Paszano beat Murray Layton, 4 rds.

1—Mitchel Field, L. I.:
Frankie Fitzpatrick and Young Kid Norfolk, draw, 12 rds.
Sammy Henig and Young Sheridan, draw, 8 rds.
Young Schaeffer and Jim Carpenter, draw, 8 rds.
Jack Welsh knocked out Young Donohue, 6 rds.

1—Philadelphia:
Joe Libby knocked out Bruce Robinson, 1 rd.
Billy Thornton beat Harry Nutter, 6 rds.

1—Boston:
Jock Malone beat Mickey Walker, 10 rds.

1—Youngstown, Ohio:
Tommy Robinson knocked out Harry Krohn, 8 rds.

1—Atlanta, Ga.:
Sammy Sandow beat Tim O'Dowd, 10 rds.

1—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Bert Colina beat Kid Mexico, 4 rds.
Young Ketchell beat Jack Russo, 4 rds.

2—New York (102d Medical Regiment Armory):
Lee Wedo knocked out Charlie Spielman, 3 rds.
Mickey Black beat Jimmy Foley, 10 rds.

2—Orange, N. J.:
Spencer Gardner beat Charley Triano, 12 rds.

2—Oakland, Cal. (Oakland Auditorium):
Jack Reeves beat Gordon McKay, 4 rds.
Jimmy Dundee beat Frankie McCann, 4 rds.
Bud Soules beat Al Sange, 4 rds.
Walter Caldwell beat Frankie Murphy, 4 rds.

Al Hoag and Jimmy Dime, draw, 4 rds.
Joe Roberts and Benny Ritter, draw, 4 rds.
Eddie Kelly beat Eddie Moore, 4 rds.

2—Seattle, Wash.:
Jimmy Sacco and Travie Davis, draw, 6 rds.
Bobby Gray and Boy McCaslin, draw, 4 rds.

3—Yonkers, N. Y. (Columbus Sporting Club):
Red Monroe beat Billy Fitzsimmons, 12 rds.
Willie Davis beat Tommy Wilson, 10 rds.

3—Newark, N. J.:
Young Dixon beat Jimmy Russell, 10 rds.
Young Tendler beat Young Russell, 8 rds.
Georgie Moore beat Sammy Wilson, 6 rds.

4—Coney Island (Surf Avenue A. A.):
Packey O'Gatty beat Jack Hausner, 12 rds.
Willie Herman knocked out Tom McMahon, 7 rds.

4—Rockaway Beach (Steeplechase A. A.):
Harold Abbott knocked out Frankie Powers, 6 rds.
Charley Goodman knocked out Billy Ryckoff, 2 rds.
Johnny Gannon beat Terry Miller, 10 rds.

4—Bayonne, N. J. (Bayonne A. A.):
Johnny Darcy beat Johnny Drummie, 12 rds.

4—Long Branch, N. J. (Ocean Park A. A.):
Gene Tunney knocked out Soldier Ray Thompson, 3 rds.

4—New York (Fifteenth Infantry Armory):
Young Otto beat Georgie Werner, 12 rds.

4—Geneva:
P. Clement knocked out Albert Badoud, 12 rds.

4—Vancouver, B. C.:
Jack Josephs beat Jimmy Sacco, 10 rds.

4—Tulsa, Okla.:
Sam Langford beat Bill Tate, 12 rds.

4—Los Angeles (Hollywood Stadium):
Dick Griffin beat Jimmy Callahan, 4 rds.
Jimmy Barry and Frank Brady, draw, 4 rds.
Eddie Doody beat Jimmy Fitten, 4 rds.
Frankie Thomas beat Joe Herman, 4 rds.
Jack Burns beat Sammy Campagne, 4 rds.

4—San Francisco:
Ted Morgan beat "Spec" Ramies, 4 rds.
Chick Roach beat Gene Cline, 4 rds.
Young Hoppe beat Eddie White, 4 rds.
Tommy O'Leary beat Harry Scott, draw, 4 rds.
Joe Avery and Jimmy Dunning, draw, 4 rds.
Bert Slepnol knocked out Al Winters, 2 rds.
Jack Lynn knocked out Ramer, 1 rd.

5—Long Isalnd City (Queensboro A. C.):
Babe Herman beat Jimmy Mars, 12 rds.
Floyd Johnson knocked out Sailor Maxted, 7 rds.
Carl Duane beat Johnny Noble, 6 rds.
Jack Tilue and Nick Scanlon, stopped by referee in 3 rds.
Knute Henson knocked out Charley Anderson, 1 rd.
Harry Weir knocked out Harry White, 1 rd.

5—Brooklyn (Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club):
Sammy Good won on a foul from Al Boyle, 7 rds.

5—New York (Commonwealth Sporting Club):
Jimmy Kelly beat Tony Lyons, 12 rds.
Jack Bernstein beat Jimmy Carroll, 10 rds.
Artie Pierce beat Young Rose, 4 rds.

5—Michigan City, Ind.:
Benny Leonard beat Ever Hammer, 10 rds.
Jack Elle beat Charley Glazner, 6 rds.
Sammy Fraeger knocked out "Irish" Patsy Clayton, 4 rds.
Harold Smith knocked out Eddie O'Connor, 5 rds.

7—New York (New York Velodrome):
Charlie White knocked out Bobby Barrett, 3 rds.
Pal Moore and Jack (Kid) Wolfe, draw, 12 rds.
Charley McKenna beat Tim Kelly, 6 rds.
Sammy Green and Jackie Norman, draw, 4 rds.

7—Brooklyn (Broadway Exhibition Association):
Bobby Michaels knocked out Al McRae, 4 rds.
Sailor Tex Hawes beat Frank d'Annunzio, 8 rds.

7—Freeport, L. I. (Freeport Auditorium):
Shamus O'Brien beat Italian Joe Dempsey, 12 rds.
Harry Jaba beat Charley McKranes, 6 rds.
Joey Silver beat Spider Martin, 6 rds.

7—Memphis:
Sammy Mandell beat Johnny McCoy, 8 rds.

7—Staten Island (Sisco Park):
Al Roberts beat "Italian" Jack Herman, 12 rds.
Young Sueden beat Paul Clemens, 8 rds.
Morey Layton beat Willie Mack, 6 rds.

7—Woonsocket, R. I.:
Young Montreal beat "Irish" Johnny Curtin, 10 rds.

7—Allentown, Pa.:
George Eagle beat Bayonne Tiger, 10 rds.
Johnny Herman beat Andy Ketchell, 8 rds.

7—Chester, Pa.:
Tommy Devlin beat Tommy O'Toole, 10 rds.

7—Toledo:
Pete McCluskey beat Joe Nelson, 12 rds.
Frankie Kehoe beat Johnny Lewis, 8 rds.

7—Wheeling:
Bernie Hahn beat K. O. Johnny Michaels, 12 rds.

7—Birmingham, Ala.:
Claude Wilson, Southern Flyweight Champion, won a referee's decision over Frankie Mason.

7—Philadelphia:
Young Ketchell and Mattie Brokos, draw, 6 rds.
Eddie Rovoire beat Otto Hughes, 6 rds.

7—New Orleans:
Dude Martinez beat Red Shannon, 10 rds.
Joe Matranga beat Benny Harvey, 10 rds.
Jimmy King knocked out Frank Barolla, 1 rd.
Young Carver beat Young Roy, 4 rds.

7—Lima, Ohio:
Don Bowser beat Phil O'Dowd, 10 rds.
Lowe Patterson knocked out Battling Shedd, 3 rds.
Joe Thomas beat Pinkey Bozeman, 8 rds.

8—Jersey City (Oakland A. A.):
Jack Thompson beat Clem Johnston, 12 rds.
Jimmy Kirk won on a foul from Al Boyle.
Johnny Green beat Al Tiernan, 10 rds.
Tommy Logan and Kid Lewis, draw, 4 rds.

8—Newark, N. J. (Board A. C.):
Battling Leonard knocked out Yankee Delaney, 6 rds.
Spencer Gardner beat Joe Ritchie, 6 rds.
Buck Thomas knocked out Joe Rivers, 2 rds.
Jimmy Proto beat Young Ciccone, 6 rds.

8—Louisville, Ky.:
Frankie Jones beat Mike Kearney, 10 rds.

8—Troy, N. Y.:
Tommy Robson beat Young Fisher, 12 rds.

8—Columbus, Ohio:
K. O. Jackie and Bud Christiano, draw, 12 rds.

8—Memphis, Tenn.:
Sammy Mandell beat Johnny McCoy, 8 rds.

8—Birmingham, Ala. (Birmingham A. C.):
Red Herring knocked out Pete Choike, 5 rds.
Claude Wilson beat Frankie Mason, 10 rds.

8—San Francisco:
Cliff Kramer knocked out Victor Alexander, 2 rds.
Jack Spar and Young Carmen, draw, 4 rds.
Bret Tribby beat Sailor Charles Emmett, 4 rds.
Johnny Lotsko beat Bob Geary, 4 rds.
Frankie Gomez beat Eddie Dixon, 4 rds.
Roy Cooper beat Young Mike Gibbons, 4 rds.
Jackie Hynes knocked out Young Beexer, 1 rd.

8—Battle Creek, Mich.:
Gene Watson and Rockey Smith, draw, 12 rds.

8—East St. Louis: L
Pee Wee Kaiser beat Billy Mascott, 12 rds.

8—Burlington, La.:
Harold Plude and Sammy Wade, draw, 8 rds.

8—Los Angeles:
Jimmy Dundee, 138 pounds, Oakland, won decision over Young Brown, 128 pounds, Los Angeles, 4 rds.
Young Farrell, Los Angeles, won decision over Billy Kennedy, New Orleans.
Sailor Larry, San Diego, defeated Leo Matlock, Los Angeles.

9—Mitchel Field, L. I.:
Petey Hayes beat Danny Stewart, 12 rds.
Sammy Butts and Young Ray, draw, 12 rds.

10—New York (102nd Medical Regiment Armory):
Charlie Picker knocked out Marty Powell, 1 rd.
Mickey Condon beat Buddy Wallace, 8 rds.

10—San Francisco:
Johnny Tranbetis and Teddy O'Hara, draw, 4 rds.
Eddie Marey beat Tod Morgan, 4 rds.
Frankie Farren and Joe Petit Coffey, draw, 4 rds.
Bud Soules beat Jim Dunn, 4 rds.
Terry McBride and Cap Nelson, draw, 4 rds.
Jackie Flynn beat Eddie Kelley, 4 rds.

10—Revere, Mass.:
Eddie Shevlin beat George Ward, 10 rds.

10—Philadelphia:
Vincent Lopez beat Sailor Kaparsky, 8 rds.
Sailor Joe Kelly beat Joe Phillips, 6 rds.

11—Brooklyn (Surf Avenue A. C.):
Midget Smith beat Mickey Delmont, 12 rds.
Billy Ryckoff beat Sammy Nable, 12 rds.

11—Bayonne, N. J. (Bayonne A. C.):
Lew Snyder knocked out Mike Arra, 3 rds.
Willie Burns beat Johnny Trogen, 10 rds.

11—Rockaway (Steeplechase A. A.):
Johnny Murray beat Sid Marks, 12 rds.
Bud Dempsey and Young Ross, draw, 12 rds,

11—Long Branch (Ocean Park A. C.):
Willie Herman beat Johnny Williams, 12 rds.
Soldier Van Severn beat Bud Spratley, 10 rds.
Danny Humphries beat Silent Regan, 6 rds.

11—Pittsburgh:
Eddie Carver defeated Hank Griffin, 2 rds.
Cocky Dilla beat Sam Martin, 3 rds.
Jack White defeated Young Alexander, 3 rds.

11—New Orleans:
Charley Feraei knocked out Charley Romano, 2 rds.
Al Wilson knocked out Sam Victor, 1 rd.
Frankie Brewer knocked out Chink Edwards, 4 rds.
Johnny Martin defeated Frankie Demaris, 6 rds.
Monk Kelly defeated Johnny Capman, 6 rds.

11—Philadelphia:
Joe (Peck) Martin beat Sam Blackston, 8 rds.
Eddie Revoire knocked out Kid Sheeler, 4 rds.

12—New York (Commonwealth Sporting Club):
Young Montreal beat Marty Collins, 12 rds.
Willie Darcey beat Henry Catena, 10 rds.

12—Long Island City (Queensboro A. C.):
Tommy McAleer and Italian Joe Gans, draw, 12 rds.
Lew Angelo beat Charlie Pilkington, 10 rds.
Al Fishel beat Neal Alexander, 10 rds.

12—Brooklyn (Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club):
Sonny Smith beat Terry Miller, 12 rds.
Joe Ritchie knocked out Jimmy Willets, 7 rds.

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Al Crisp and Harry Baker, draw, 4 rds.

10—New Orleans:
Joe Matranga beat Benny Harvey, 10 rds.

10—Sioux City, Ia.:
Young O'Hara and Glenn Mulligan, draw, 8 rds.

11—San Francisco, Cal.:
Dick Hoppe won decision over Eddie Diggins, 4 rds.
Young Friedlander knocked out Lamberto Camase, 2 rds.
Chick Roach and Charlie Hendricks, draw, 4 rds.
Tommy O'Leary and Johnny Lamar, draw, 4 rds.
Jimmy Kramer knocked out Young Joe Thomas, 2 rds.
Sailor Harris won over Vic Moran, 4 rds.
Bert Slepnoll won decision over Red Reynolds, 4 rds.

11—Los Angeles, Cal.:
George Marks defeated Dandy Dick Griffin in 12 rds.
George Lavigne outclassed Billy Alger.
Frankie Novey beat Georgie Rivers.
Jack Burns and Danny Martin boxed a 4-rd. draw.

12—Long Island City (Queensboro A. C.):
Tommy McAleer and Italian Joe Gans, draw, 12 rds.
Al Fischel beat Neil Alexander, 10 rds.

12—Brooklyn (Ridgewood Grove):
Sonny Smith defeated Terry Miller, 12 rds.
Joe Ritchie knocked out Frankie Willetts, 7 rds.
Joe Crowell outpointed Jimmy Judge, 6 rds.

12—New York (Commonwealth A. C.):
Young Montreal beat Marty Collins, 12 rds.
Willie Darcy beat Henry Catena, 12 rds.

14—New York Velodrome:
Dave Rosenberg beat Phil Krug, 15 rds.
Frankie Jerome beat Jack (Kid) Wolfe, 12 rds.
Willie Davis beat Jack Stark, 6 rds.
Al Boyle and Danny Ross, draw, 4 rds.

14—Woonsocket, R. I.:
Jack Delaney knocked out George Shade, 1 rd.

14—Columbus, Ohio:
Eddie O'Dowd beat Pal Moore, 12 rds., judges' decision.

14—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Frankie Mack knocked out Johnny Campi, 7 rds.

14—Freeport, L. I.:
Frank D'Annunzio and Tex Hawes, draw, 12 rds.

14—Brooklyn (Broadway Exhibition Association):
Hilly Levine beat Wee Willie Spencer, 12 rds., judges' decision.

14—New Castle, Pa.:
Shifting Dando defeated Sizie Keppen, 8 rds.
Young Tennessee defeated Johnny Miller, 6 rds.
Johnny Moore knocked out Bloomer Hughes, 3 rds.
Harry Thomas knocked out Elmo Clark, 1 rd.

14—Philadelphia:
Matty Brooks defeated Young Ketchell, 8 rds.
Frankie Ferro defeated Max Williamson, 6 rds.
Artie McCann knocked out Al Clarke, 3 rds.

14—Harrisburg:
Peter Husic knocked out Frankie McManus, 3 rds.
Ralph Repman knocked out Dick Perry, 1 rd.

14—Atlantic City:
Frankie Britton defeated Bennie Lopez, 8 rds.
Danny Gordon knocked out Eddie Fredericks, 2 rds.

14—Troy, N. Y.:
Jack McFarland defeated Al Cross, 12 rds.
Frankie Engle defeated Lew McFarland, 10 rds.

14—San Francisco, Cal.:
Young Hoppe was awarded the decision over Eddie Diggins in 4 rds.
Chick Roach and Charley Hendricks fought to a draw.
Young Friedlander knocked out Lamberto Camase in the second round.
Tommy O'Leary and Johnny Lamar boxed to a draw.
Sailor Tommy Harris defeated Vic Moran.
Bert Slepnoll outpointed Red Reynolds.

15—Brooklyn, Ebbets Field:
Johnny Dundee knocked out Danny Frush, 9 rds.
Pancho Villa beat Sammy Cohen, 8 rds.
Elino Flores beat Jimmy Katz, 6 rds.
Jimmy Kirke and Paul Clements, 6 rds., draw.
Johnny Curry and Louis Goldberg, 4 rds., draw.

15—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Peter Husic knocked out Frankie McManus, 3 rds.
Ralph Repman knocked out Dick Perry, 1 rd.
Kid Balthazer knocked out Paul Young, 3 rds.
Al Keith beat Battling Pease, 6 rds.
Little Lion beat Young Jirez, 6 rds.

15—Macon, Ga.:
Lukie Tenner defeated Kid Peck of Columbus in 10 rds.
Hooty Flahive outpointed Young Pittman in 8 rds.
Kid Poyner won the decision over Jackie Carr.

16—Youngstown, Ohio:
Marty Cross defeated Jimmy Jones in 12 rds.

Wrestling Bouts

24—Salt Lake City:
Ira Dean won the first fall from Basanter Singh in twelve minutes.
Ira Dean won the second fall from Basanter Singh in fifteen minutes.

AUGUST

3—San Francisco:
Johnny Meyers threw Walter Miller in one hour and forty minutes.

7—San Francisco:
Henato Gardini defeated Baba Managoff in two straight falls, 26 minutes 30 seconds and 7 minutes 8 seconds.

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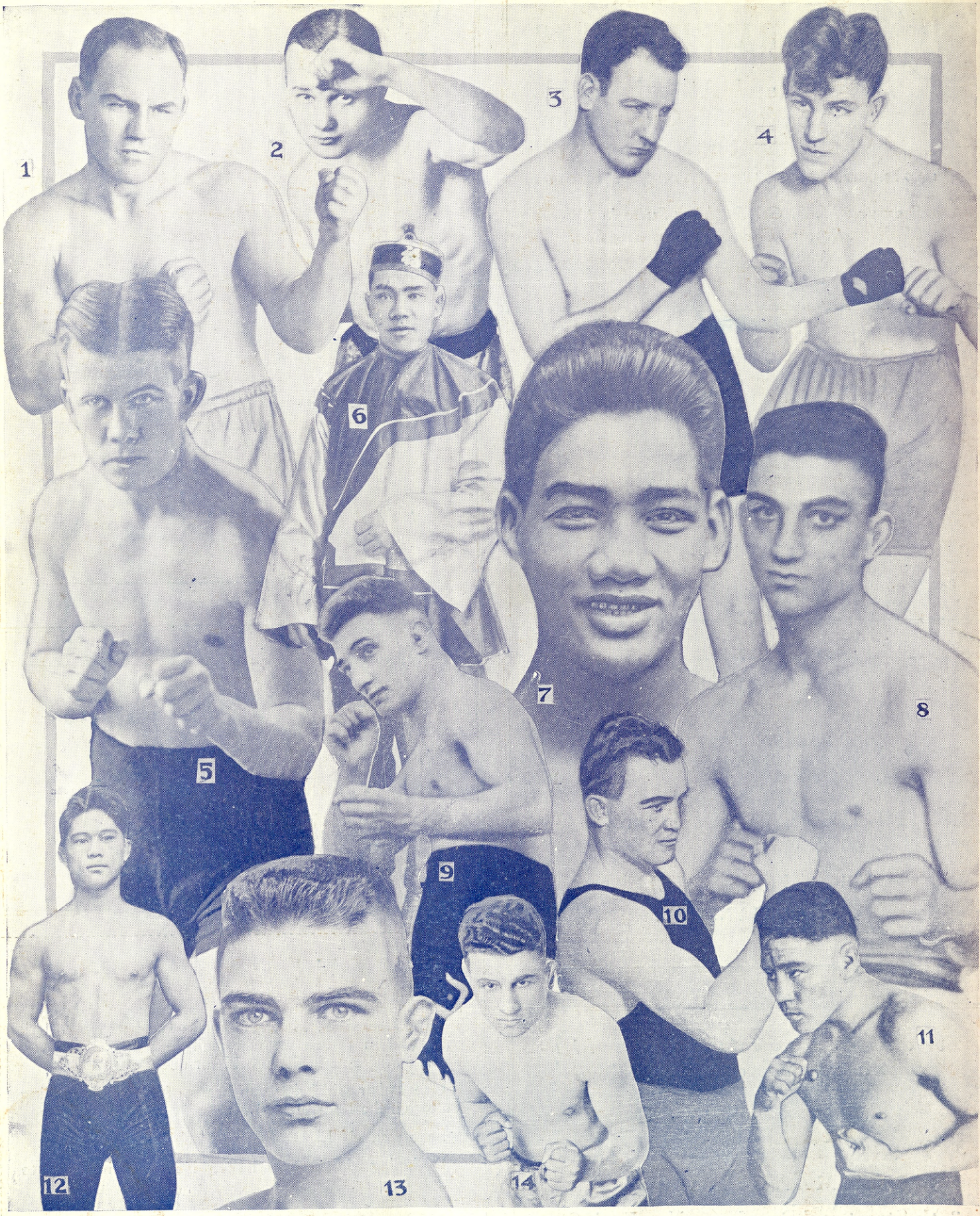

1. *Capt. Bob Roper, Chicago heavyweight*
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3. *Jim Tracey, Australian Heavyweight*
4. *Dave Shade, Coast Welterweight*
5. *Stanley Darcy, Illinois Collegian*
6. *George Washington Lee, Coast Chinese Bantam*
7. *Elino Flores, Manila Lightweight*
8. *Mike Dundee, Chicago Featherweight*
9. *Charley Beecher, New York Featherweight*
10. *Tom Gibbons, St. Paul Light-heavyweight*
11. *Earl France, Coast Lightweight*
12. *Pancho Villa, Filipino Flyweight Champion*
13. *Young Strebling, Southern Bantam Champion*
14. *Johnny Coney, New York Featherweight*